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No. 941

OCTOBER 12, 1923

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF

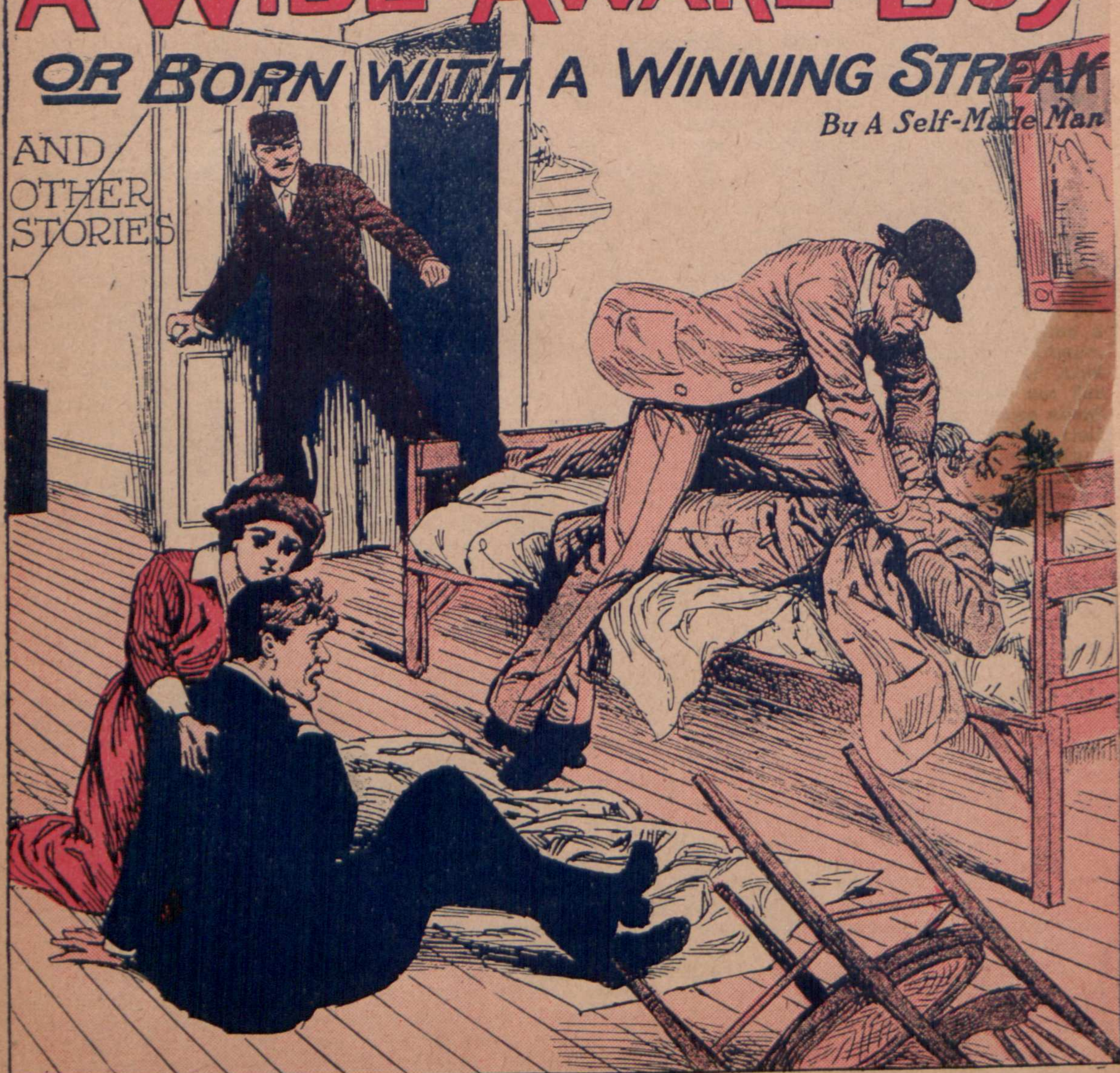
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

A WIDE AWAKE BOY

OR BORN WITH A WINNING STREAK

By A Self-Made Man

AND
OTHER
STORIES



Joe's big friend had the advantage of size and strength, and being very much in earnest, he made short work of Hyde. He threw the man on the bed and sat on him.
Katie rushed to Joe and assisted him to rise.

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 941

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1923

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A WIDE-AWAKE BOY

OR, BORN WITH A WINNING STREAK

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Introduces Joe Vickers and Shows How He Saved the Life of His Enemy.

"Get out of my way, boy!"

The speaker was a large and pompous-looking man. His name was Godfrey Chase, and he was reputed to be the richest, and in his own opinion he was the most important, man in Pandora. He was president of the Nimrod & Pandora Railroad Company, whose general offices were at Pandora. This road consisted of two divisions—one branching northward from Pandora, via Nimrod, to Grand Junction, on the Rock Island system; the other, called the mountain division, westward, over a picturesque Colorado range to Palmyra, and thence to Trinidad, the terminal. The boy, who had accidentally obstructed his way in the railroad yard, was a bright, curly headed lad of sixteen years, whose name was Joe Vickers.

He was the son of a widow in very moderate circumstances, who lived about a mile from the railroad yard, and he was employed in the roundhouse as a wiper and machinist's assistant. Joe had been working for nearly a year at the yard, and, being an observant and ambitious youth, had become familiar with all the outward and visible parts of a locomotive, for he had plenty of opportunities to see them taken to pieces by the mechanics. His genial manners and willingness to make himself generally useful had made him a favorite in the yard, especially among the machinists and wipers with whom he was brought into daily contact. Even Gosport, the foreman, a man noted for his taciturnity, often had a pleasant word for the boy. This might have been due to the fact that he and Joe's father had been warm friends.

While he did not seem to pay much attention to the boy, he really was watching him closely, and it did not take him long to discover that the boy was built of the right material, and therefore, though Joe did not know it, he gave him all sorts of opportunities to learn things. It was rather an unusual circumstance for the president of the road to be seen in the track-spanned and car-cumbered yard, but Joe, in his greasy check jumper and grimy overalls, hastened to get out of the magnate's way, and then kept right on toward the roundhouse, thinking what a fine thing it was to be a rich man as well as the official head of a railroad company.

Entering the roundhouse, the boy walked over to one side of the building, where a big locomotive was jacked up and a machinist was waiting for the casting which was to replace the broken one lying on the ground. Joe assisted the machinist to put the center casting in place and bolt it securely. The engine was then let down on the track and shortly afterward was run out on the turn-table and switched to the proper track in the yard. Another engine ran in on the table outside, some wipers swung it around and it was then backed into the house. The foreman set Joe at work cleaning her. In the course of his work he discovered a cracked eccentric strap and reported the fact to Mr. Gosport. In due time a machinist came around and repaired the damage, but the circumstance reached the ears of Abel Hyde, the engineer of 44, who boarded not far from the yard, and he came around to see about it. He had long prided himself on the fact that nothing ever went wrong with his locomotive that he didn't find out for himself.

"Look here," he said, coming up to Joe, who was just putting the finishing touches to 44, "what do you mean, you young monkey, by reporting a break on my engine?"

"Because I found your eccentric strap cracked, and it was my duty to report it to the foreman," replied Joe, respectfully.

"You broke that yourself, you little whippersnapper!" snarled the engineer.

"You know better than that, Mr. Hyde."

"You're a little liar, and I'm going to take satisfaction out of your skin."

The engineer made a dash for the boy, but Joe, as nimble as a monkey on his feet, mounted into the cab at a bound and dropped down on the other side before Hyde got a footing on the tender. When the engineer got on the other side, Joe was just disappearing around a nearby locomotive, and all Hyde could do was to shake his fist menacingly after him.

"I'll get square with the young villain," he muttered, thickly.

Then he staggered off to hunt up the foreman and enter a protest. He found Gosport somewhere about the yard.

"I want that boy taken off my engine, do you understand?" he cried, angrily, laying his hand on the foreman's arm. "I won't have him do any more cleaning around 44."

"What are you talking about?" growled Gosport, shaking off the engineer's grasp.

"I'm talking about Joe Vickers, that's who I'm talking about."

"What about him?" demanded the foreman, impatiently.

"I want you to put another wiper on 44 next time she comes in. That young imp reported a broken eccentric on my engine this afternoon."

"I examined the locomotive and found that the report was correct," replied the foreman shortly, for he didn't relish such argument from Hyde, or any one else about the yard.

"Well, if you found it, he done it himself somehow, and tried to sneak out of it."

"That's all nonsense, Hyde. You know the boy couldn't break that strap himself. You're always so careful with your engine it's a wonder you didn't notice it yourself."

"I say there was no such thing the matter with 44 when I left the house."

"Well, I'm not going to argue the matter with you," said the foreman, turning away.

With that Gosport walked away, leaving the engineer glowering after him, and swearing under his breath like a trooper.

"So Joe Vickers is a fav'rite of yours, is he?" muttered Hyde, still following the retreating form of the foreman with his coal-black eyes. "I'll lick that boy within an inch of his life the first chance I get."

He started to walk away, but rage and the fumes of liquor in his brain made his steps uncertain.

"Mebbe I'll find him at the roundhouse now."

As he was approaching the roundhouse a locomotive came out of the doors. He didn't know it, but Joe, the object of his attention, was only a few yards away, coming toward him from another building. As the engine came along, Hyde started to cross the track in front of her. His feet got in his way and he tripped over the near rail, measuring his length on the ground between the tracks. It would have been all up with Hyde but for Joe Vickers, whose eyes were on him when he went down. The boy sprang forward, grasped the engineer by his jacket, and, exerting all of his strength, pulled him clear of the pilot of the oncoming locomotive just in the nick of time.

"By George! that was a mighty close call," ejaculated the yardmaster, who happened to step out of his office at the moment, as the engine passed on. "Who is that plucky boy?"

The words were addressed to a switchman who knew the lad well.

"That's Joe Vickers, one of the wipers at the roundhouse."

CHAPTER II.—Katie Todd and Trouble.

Probably a dozen persons in the immediate vicinity witnessed the rescue, and several came running up to find out if Hyde had actually escaped scot free.

Joe assisted the man to his feet, and the thanks he got, as soon as Hyde recognized him, was a severe clout alongside of the head.

"Here, what in thunder are you up to, Hyde?" shouted one of the yard hands, seizing him by the

arm. "Don't you know that boy saved your life just now?"

"Saved nothing!" yelled the engineer. "I came over here to lick him, and I'm going to do it!"

"I guess not," replied the yardman, "unless you want to have a mix-up with me. What kind of man are you, anyway?"

"Mind your own business, will you?" snarled Hyde.

"You're drunk, that's what's the matter with you," said the yardman, in a tone of disgust.

"That's my affair."

"What's the trouble?" asked Mr. Radway, the yardmaster, coming up.

"Nothing, sir," replied the yardman, not wishing to get the engineer in trouble.

"I saw him strike young Vickers, after the boy had pulled him off the track from in front of 66," persisted Mr. Radway, who was a man with a sharp eye and not easily hoodwinked.

"Didn't know what he was doing, I guess, sir."

Radway saw that the engineer was under the influence of liquor.

Hyde growled out something under his breath and started to walk away.

After watching the engineer a moment, the yardmaster turned to Joe.

"That was a nervy act, young man, and I'm obliged to you for saving me the trouble of having to report a fatal accident in the yard. Why did he strike you?"

"I think he wasn't aware of what he was doing, sir," said the boy, generously.

"Maybe so," replied Mr. Radway, apparently satisfied. "The man is very drunk."

He knew Hyde's failing, but as the engineer always turned up in proper condition to take his engine out, he didn't feel called upon to notice it. So he returned to his office.

"What's the trouble between you and Hyde?" asked the yardman of Joe.

The boy explained the origin of Hyde's ugliness in the round-house.

"You were in the right, of course," said the other. "All the same, you want to keep your eye skinned for Hyde. He's meaner than dirt and as dangerous as a snake. Like as not he'll try to get at you in the dark—hit you from behind. Just watch out that he doesn't turn the trick on you. He's capable of doing you a bodily injury."

"I'll be on my guard against him. Any man, even half-drunk as he is, that would turn on a fellow after he has saved his life is pretty low down."

"That's right," agreed the yardman, and then the group broke up.

Joe left the yard about six o'clock for home. A block away he passed a paper box factory. Thirty or forty girls worked there and most of them were flocking out at that hour. Among them was a pretty little miss with blonde hair and a creamy complexion. This was Katie Todd, who lived nearly opposite Joe's home. She and the young wiper were great friends, and she usually went home with him nights. Her home surroundings were not of the best. Her father was a lazy, intemperate man, who beat his wife when the humor was on him, but he seldom turned any of his wages in to the house. He preferred to hang around the same saloon where Hyde got his

liquor, and the two were sort of boon companions in their cups.

"Good-evening, Katie," said Joe, in his cheerful, breezy way.

"Good-evening, Joe. I've been waiting for you."

"Can't we go with you, too, Joe?" asked another girl with a laugh, advancing with a companion.

"Sure thing," grinned the boy. "The more the merrier."

"That's real nice of you. I didn't know but you wanted Katie all to yourself."

"The idea!" laughed Katie. "Just as if he would."

The four walked up the street together, chatting and laughing merrily. As they started to cross one of the streets an automobile came around the corner with a rush. A boy of sixteen was driving the machine, and he looked around and laughed heartily, as if he thought the affair a huge joke.

"That was Herbert Chase, the son of the president of the railroad," said Joe, as he assisted the frightened Katie on her feet and brushed her dress.

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," cried the girl, indignantly. "He might have run over us, especially me."

Young Chase knew Joe well by sight, and had even spoken to him in an insulting way on several occasions when he chanced to meet him. He despised the engine wiper because the boy was poor and was forced to work at a dirty business to support his mother. In fact, Herbert had no use for anybody who didn't move in the same grade of society as himself. At the next corner Joe and Katie parted from Miss Maggie and her friend.

"There's father," said Katie suddenly, with a little start of apprehension, for her quick eye noticed that Michael Todd was a little unsteady on his legs, and this fact promised unfortunate results at home.

"I see him," observed Joe.

"I hope he won't see us," said the factory girl tremulously.

But as it happened, the section foreman was not so drunk but he readily noticed what was going on about him, and his eyes soon lighted on his daughter and the young engine wiper. Hyde and he had been drinking together since the engineer left the yard after his failure to inflict chastisement on the lad, and Hyde had prejudiced him against young Vickers. Michael Todd now felt an unexplainable resentment against the boy, and it only needed a very slight pretext to show itself. He walked up and stopped before them, barring their progress. His bloodshot eyes snapped and his whole attitude was menacing and threatened trouble.

CHAPTER III.—In Which Reference Is Made to the Golden Rule.

"You go home, gal!" he cried to Katie, catching her by the arm.

"We're going home, father," replied the girl in trembling tones.

"Well, go then," swinging her roughly aside. "Go, d'ye hear?"

Katie heard and meekly obeyed.

"Now ye kin go yer way," he said, turning to Joe.

"This happens to be my way," replied the boy quietly.

"No it ain't. At any rate, ye don't live on this side of the street—ye live on the other."

"Well, what if I do?" answered Joe, indignant at the man's nasty manner. "I can walk up this side if I choose, can't I?"

"Not with my darter, ye can't," snarled Michael Todd, with a vindictive look.

"What's the reason of this sudden——"

"It ain't none of yer bizness what the reason is or how sudden it is. I won't have ye walkin' with Katie, and that's all there is to it."

"It's a small thing to make a kick about," objected Joe, who didn't relish the idea of being cut off entirely from the society of the pretty Miss Todd.

"Look here, Joe Vickers, I don't want any back sass from ye, and what's more, I won't take it. Ye're a little too swift for yer circumstances. P'haps ye think ye kin rub it into my friend Hyde, but I reckon when he gets a good chance at ye again he'll make ye sorry yer alive."

"I understand now why you've taken this unaccountable dislike to me," replied Joe, coolly.

"Mr. Hyde has been running me down to you."

"I guess he ain't said no more'n ye deeserve."

"I'll bet he didn't tell you how I saved him from being run down by an engine in the yard this afternoon."

For a moment Michael Todd opened his eyes very wide, for this was news to him, but the intelligence didn't seem to affect him very much.

"I guess ye're dreamin'," he answered incredulously. "He didn't say nothin' to me about it."

"That's what I thought. Well, I'm going home."

"Go, and if I ketch ye with Katie agin there's goin' to be trouble."

Joe made no further remark, but passed on, leaving Michael Todd standing in the middle of the sidewalk, swaying slightly to and fro but following the boy with his eyes. A few minutes later he reached his mother's cottage.

"You're late, Joe, to-night. Supper has been ready for a quarter of an hour."

"Never mind, mother," he said, kissing her with filial warmth. "I'm hungry enough to eat my share in half the usual time."

"You always have a good appetite, my boy," replied his mother with a cheerful smile. "That is a blessing denied to many."

"Hard work and plenty of it is bound to give a fellow an appetite," replied Joe cheerfully. "But here's something that ought to give one an appetite if anything will," and the boy produced a small pocketbook and took an oblong slip of paper from it.

"What is that, my son?" asked the little mother curiously.

"That," said Joe, with a broad grin, "is the result of a little stirring up of my gray matter," and the boy tapped his forehead proudly.

"It might be a receipt," said Mrs. Vickers, who saw only the back of it.

"That's true, mother, it might be, but it isn't. It happens to be a check."

"A check? Money?" exclaimed the little woman in wonder.

"Exactly. It represents money."

"That's something that is always welcome. How much it is, and how did you manage to earn it?"

"I'll bet you couldn't guess the amount, mother," he said mischievously.

"No, I haven't the least idea. Is it ten dollars?"

"If you had said fifty times ten you would have come closer to it."

"Now, Joe, that is simply ridiculous."

"Is it? Then cast your eye upon it, mother dear, and you will see that the First National Bank of Pandora is requested to pay to the order of Joseph Vickers, that's yours truly, the sum of five hundred dollars. Signed, Harper Fosdick."

Mrs. Vickers flopped down in a convenient chair and stared at her son in sheer amazement.

"What does it all mean?" she gasped.

"It means, mother, that I've figured out a new idea in automatic car couplers. I had no money to patent it, and I knew you would not afford to help me, so I hunted around till I found a man who had some money, and whom I believed I could trust, and to him I explained the advantages of my idea, and he has purchased a half interest in the invention for \$500. He will have it patented, and when it shall have been introduced on the market we will divide the royalties between us."

"What a head you've got, Joe! And what are you going to do with that money?"

"I think you could find use for it, couldn't you?"

"I can get along very well with your regular wages, my son. You had better put that \$500 in the bank for your own."

"No, mother, \$500 would do you more good than it would me. I am going to make a deal with you. I will give you this check for that 'gold brick' you have in the bureau drawer."

"Gold brick! I don't understand what you mean?" replied Mrs. Vickers in a perplexed tone.

"Don't you? Well, I mean that deed to a certain plot of land located somewhere out in the wilderness, which father was persuaded to accept from Mr. Godfrey Chase more than ten years ago in full satisfaction for the sum of \$2,500 which father had loaned him some months previously."

"Why, Joe, that isn't worth anything like \$500. Besides, you know I couldn't transfer that property to you, as you're a minor."

"You needn't transfer it to me until I reach the age of 21. I can trust you to hold it for me that long, can't I?"

"Of course, if you will have it that way."

"All right, mother, here is the money," and he handed her the check. "I now consider the property mine. You have realized something out of it, after all. It was an outrageous swindle on Mr. Chase's part to work that property off on father."

"It was indeed," sighed Mrs. Vickers. "Mr. Chase was in very moderate circumstances in those days, and he was very glad to borrow \$2,500

from your father so he could pay for the house he was putting up. When the note became due Mr. Chase was unable to pay cash, and to save his credit he offered that land, which he represented to be worth more than \$3,500. Of course, before your father accepted the land he made an investigation as to its value. As it afterward turned out, the person to whom he applied for trustworthy information was an intimate associate of Mr. Chase. On the strength of this person's report which was most favorable, your father accepted the property and in return cancelled the note. Too late we discovered that the property had little real value."

"It seems to me, mother, that the scales of justice often tip the wrong way. Mr. Chase worked this gold brick off on father, yet to-day he is a wealthy man and president of the railway in whose employ father lost his life, while we, who suffered at his hands, are comparatively poor and dependent on the small salary I draw from that same company. That isn't right."

"No, it doesn't seem so," admitted Mrs. Vickers, sadly.

"When father found how he had been taken in, didn't he make a kick with Mr. Chase over it?"

"Yes, they had some words on the subject. Mr. Chase had inherited a legacy which he invested in stock of the railroad company and had just been elected president of the road. He refused, however, to recompense your father for his loss. All he did was to get him a special increase of salary as engineer of the day express, and this, of course, did not come out of his pocket."

"That was no favor," answered the boy. "Father had to earn every dollar he received from the company. He was one of the best engineers on the road."

Then he told her how rudely he had been addressed in the railroad yard that afternoon by the magnate.

"He treated me as if I were dirt under his feet, though I am sure he recognized me. He might have accorded me the common politeness due even an humble employee. And it is the same way with his son Herbert. He seems to take an especial delight in noticing me, only to insult me."

"It's the way of the world, my son, and we must bow to the inevitable."

"Well, I'm not kicking. I wouldn't change places with Herbert Chase for all his prospects. Some day I hope to be as important as his father. Who knows?"

With these words Joe got up and kissed his mother good-night, while Mrs. Vickers, with tears in her eyes, thanked heaven for having blessed her with such a brave and noble-minded son.

CHAPTER IV.—Joe Gets a Regular Job as Fireman on the Freight.

Next morning Joe was coming out of the round-house when he was accosted by the foreman.

"Here, Vickers, I want you to go over and fire 21. We're short of firemen in the yard this morning. You'll find her yonder."

"All right, sir," answered the boy, hastening to obey orders.

He was delighted at the opportunity thus presented to learn the ropes of a fireman's job, as it was a step on the road to his present ambition—to become a locomotive engineer. Engine 21 was used for switching purposes. So Joe swung up into the cab, where the engineer, one Gautier, was waiting for him. It was not the first time he had been on an engine. He had often had opportunities to ride about the yard, and on such occasions had carefully watched the work of both fireman and engineer with the view to future profit, for he knew the time would come when he would be called upon to fill the former's job, though it might be but temporary, and upon his expertness would probably depend his chances of becoming a regular fireman. Joe had resolved to make good when the chance came his way, and fortune always seems to favor those who are determined to win. Gautier received the signal to go ahead, and glancing at the gauge, told the boy to ring the bell. Joe pulled the bell-rope. Ding-dong! Ding-dong! The engineer pulled on the throttle a little and let off the brake. No. 21 began to move, dragging half a dozen loaded freight cars in its wake.

"Keep the gauge about where she is now," said Gautier to his new fireman.

Joe nodded and kept his eye peeled. When the steam began to drop he slammed open the furnace door, seized the shovel, and with a dexterous twist of the wrist scattered the coal over the glowing mass within. Gautier, who knew the boy was inexperienced, watched him with an approving nod.

"I see you've got the knack, my lad. Is this the first time you've fired?"

"Yes, sir," replied Joe, respectfully, pleased with the engineer's approval.

"How did you pick up the correct method?"

"Simply by watching other firemen and taking note of how they worked."

"Smart boy. You'll come out all right, I'll bet."

"I hope so. All I ask is the chance to learn, and then the opportunity to put my knowledge to the test."

For an hour or two the switch engine was busy pushing and hauling cars about the yard and switching them from one track to another. Joe's time was principally employed in ringing the bell and keeping steam up to the proper point. During the dinner hour the boy sat in the cab and talked to Gautier while the two ate their meal out of their tin cans. The engineer showed some interest in the young fellow, and gave him many valuable hints, while he puffed away at his pipe.

"You've got the theory of running an engine down fine, Vickers, but what you need now is the practice."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and both were ready to resume work. Just then he got the signal to switch to another track and run down to the end of the yard for a solitary car. He opened up a bit, then reversed her, and 21 started backward down the track. As soon as they had hitched on to the car he said to Joe:

"Now, then, see if you can run her up to yonder switch."

Thus speaking, he stepped away and gave up the lever to his new fireman. Joe felt decidedly

nervous as he touched the throttle and felt the machine start ahead. The sensation was a peculiar one—a sort of stage fright. By the time they reached the switch, however, he was beginning to recover his nerve.

"Reverse her," said Gautier, who was ringing the bell with one eye on the boy.

For a moment Joe was all up in the air, in spite of the fact that he knew exactly how the engine ought to be handled. His hand was on the brake, then he recollected himself and grasped the reverse lever and moved it over and the locomotive answered like a boat its helm. Several times that afternoon the engineer gave him chances to get familiar with the practical working of the engine, correcting him in a kindly way when he made a blunder, so that on the whole he made considerable headway, and, toward the end, became quite cool and confident.

"You'll do all right," nodded the engineer, after they returned to the roundhouse for the day. "Evidently you have used your eyes and ears to good advantage since you came to the yard. You know more about a locomotive than most experienced firemen, and with practice you'll soon be able to run one without making mistakes."

Joe expected to resume work as a wiper again next morning, but Gautier's fireman was too ill to show up at the yard, so he was put on 21 again that day. And the boy took advantage of every minute he was in the cab to familiarize himself with the new job, as well as to pick up any fresh kinks shown him by the engineer. For the next two days Joe fired the switch engine and then went back to the roundhouse once more. During the following week he got another chance on a switch engine for a day. In fact, he got several chances during the month, which struck him as a favorable sign. And so it was. The result was that one warm June evening Gosport came to him as he was about leaving off work for the day and said:

"Mr. Ditchett wishes to see you in his office right away, Vickers."

"All right, sir," replied Joe, wondering what the master mechanic wanted with him.

He hastened to that official's office, entered and gave his name to an attendant. The master mechanic looked his young visitor over critically before he spoke.

"How long have you been a wiper on this road, Vickers?"

"Eleven months, sir," answered the boy, respectfully.

"How old are you?"

"Nearly seventeen, sir."

"You have been recommended to me as a competent man for a regular job as fireman. What opportunities have you had for firing?"

Joe detailed his experience about the yard.

"Hum! What do you know about an engine?"

The boy modestly explained his knowledge on the subject.

"So you think you can run one, after a fashion, do you?"

Joe intimated that Mr. Gautier said he only needed practice to be able to make good.

The master mechanic asked the boy a score of questions about the different parts of a locomotive and about handling one, all of which Joe answered correctly.

"You didn't pick all that information up about the yard, did you?" asked Mr. Ditchett curiously.

"No, sir; I've been studying a book on locomotive engineering."

"You seem to know a good deal about engineering for one so young. Well, I'm going to give you a trial as a regular fireman. If you make good you'll hold the job. You'll go out to-night on 13 with the nine o'clock freight. Report at the roundhouse in time to get your engine ready for the trip. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied Joe, almost dazed at his promotion to the outgoing freight.

"That is all," said the master mechanic, wheeling around in his chair as a signal that the interview was at an end.

CHAPTER V.—The 13th of June.

"What's the matter, Joe?" asked Mrs. Vickers, noticing something strange in her son's manner as he sat down to supper that night.

"Nothing, mother, only I've been promoted."

"Promoted!" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes. I'm a fireman now. I make my first trip to-night. I go out with the nine o'clock freight."

"And when will you be back?" said the little mother, who to say the truth, though delighted at her boy's advancement, was not happy at the idea of his night's trip over the wild and lonesome reaches of the Colorado mountain range.

"Thursday morning."

Joe answered her questions readily enough, for he was familiar with the schedules of the more important freight and passenger trains. Mother and son had a long talk together before the boy finally put his hat on and left the house. Joe arrived at the roundhouse in ample time to get his engine ready before the engineer appeared. It wanted a quarter of nine when a tall, thin man, with a saturnine cast of countenance appeared and climbed into the cab. This was Gregson, the engineer, who had just returned to the employ of the Nimrod & Pandora Company after an absence of three years. He gave Joe a searching glance, but said nothing. In due time Gregson got the signal to run out. He glanced at the gauge and then looked to see that everything was in place.

The locomotive glided out of the roundhouse on to the turntable and was switched to the proper track. A few moments later a swinging lantern signalled Gregson to go ahead. The steam began to hiss into the cylinders, the ponderous wheels commenced to turn, and, with Joe looking out of the left-hand window of the cab and pulling the bell-rope with his right hand, the train moved slowly out of the yard. It was a new sensation to the boy, and we are bound to say he thoroughly enjoyed it. It was a bright moonlight night, and trees and houses near the track threw their dark shadows athwart the rails.

"You're a new fireman, aren't you?" asked the engineer at last, when the train had reached a speed of about fifteen miles an hour.

"Yes, sir," answered Joe, with a glance at the gauge.

"What's your name?"

"Joe Vickers."

The man started as if he had been stung.

"Are you the son of Robert Vickers, who was killed in an accident at Black Rock siding?" he asked, after a moment or two, in a changed voice.

"Yes, sir."

The engineer looked out of the window and didn't speak again for several minutes.

"You heard how the wreck was caused, I s'pose," said Gregson, glaring at the lad in a strange way.

"By an engine which should have been in the repair shop," said Joe, with a trace of resentment in his voice. "It jumped the track at the switch on the down grade at high speed, piled the mail car on top of the tender, and telescoped two of the coaches behind. There were thirty people killed and injured, and the company laid the blame of it all on my father," added the boy, with a stifled sob. "He died a few hours after the accident, so he could not defend himself against the charge."

"I s'pose your mother got damages?"

"Not a cent," replied Joe, indignantly. "Though it is true Mr. Chase, the president, presented her with a sum sufficient to settle the undertaker's bill."

At this point Joe shovelled in more coal as the engine took the grade which swung around the foothills of the great mountain range which rose before them in a succession of trees and shrub-covered elevations that finally reached up to the snow line. The speed of the train was now much reduced, the engine snorting away like an overworked animal. All the locomotives on this division were powerful machines, made necessary by the heavy grades they had to overcome. The level, productive farming country was now left behind, and the wild and lonesome mountain region succeeded.

"I guess you haven't been working on the road for some years, have you?" asked Joe, after Gregson had blown the whistle for a mountain crossing they were approaching. "I know I haven't seen you before, and I've been nearly a year in the yards."

"No," replied the man shortly, his face working curiously.

"You knew my father, did you?"

"Yes," cried the man, in a hoarse voice, so strangely altered that Joe looked at him in wonder.

His hand shook where his fingers clung to the throttle, and an ashy grayness hung about his mouth. The train passed the crossing and plunged into a narrow defile, the sides of which rose hundreds of feet straight up into the air. When Joe opened the furnace door the red glow reflected a weird radiance above and behind the engine, and his moving figure, as he shoveled in the coal, looked gigantic and distorted upon the rocky walls of the pass. Black Rock siding was but a short distance ahead. Every moment Gregson grew more nervous and strange in his actions.

"What can be the matter with him?" wondered Joe, watching the man out of the corner of his eye.

"Boy!" he cried, suddenly turning and facing Joe with a look of horror almost in his eyes, "what day is this?"

"Tuesday," answered the young fireman.

"I know that," exclaimed the engineer, fiercely. "I mean what day of the month."

"The 13th of June."

"My heaven!" gasped the man, with a groan. "The 13th of June! The anniversary of his death! And this is 13, my old engine, which pulled the ill-fated eastbound freight across the mountains that day. Is there a fate in this? Three years I have been away, three years during which I have suffered the pangs of the tortured. I never meant to return. Why did I? What infernal influence has compelled me to return to this road and ask for my old job again? And in this month of the year of all others! Why was I taken on and put to work to-night, the 13th? Why?" he fairly shrieked, with an insane glare at the startled boy. "Why, if it isn't my fate to pay the penalty for my—— Boy! Why do you look at me like that? You have his eyes! Aye, his very features. Are you here to accuse me of his death?"

Gregson fairly frothed at the mouth.

"What is he talking about? Is he going crazy?" gasped Joe.

"How came you on this engine, boy?"

"I was assigned to her by Mr. Ditchett."

"When?"

"At six o'clock to-night."

"And I got her at half-past eight," muttered Gregson.

His hand mechanically reached for the whistle rod, and a shrill, prolonged blast awoke the echoes of the mountainsides. Black Rock siding was just ahead.

"Boy," cried Gregson, turning again on the lad, with an awful look in his eyes, "this day three years ago your father lost his life at Black Rock siding yonder, owing to the defective working of that switch? Who was responsible for the condition of that switch? I, Bill Gregson! I fixed it so 36, driven by your father, would jump the rails at that point. Why did I do it? Because I hated him. I had hated him for years, and was only waiting for my chance to do him up. He stole the only woman I ever cared for away from me, and the day they were married I swore to kill him. And I kept my word—ha, ha, ha! If others lost their lives at the same time I could not help it—I did not care. And now this night your father will have his revenge on me. He brought me here that I might die on the same spot where he died. I know it! I feel it here!" and the engineer thumped his forehead. "I have seen him often, and he told me I should come back and die. And I have come. I could not help myself. And on the anniversary of his death, too. But I will not go alone. No, no! You, his son, shall go with me. Thus I will cheat him of his revenge. He may kill me, but he shall also kill you, too."

"Great Scott!" muttered the boy. "He is as mad as a March hare. Thank heaven, we are near the siding."

Through the gloom the unnerved boy could see the flicker of the switchman's lantern approaching the switch. Gregson muttered incoherently a moment or two, and then as the far-away screech of the night express, as the train passed the summit and started down grade toward Black

Rock siding, struck upon their ears, the man uttered a hoarse, maniacal laugh which curdled Joe's blood. His hand went to the throttle and he shut off steam and applied the brake. Something instantly told the boy that this was wrong. The freight train would certainly be brought to a standstill on the main line close by the switch, as the track was only a single one over the mountains. What, then, could the engineer mean by his action? Joe was not kept long in doubt as to Gregson's intentions.

There came a long, wailing shriek down to them as the express, running at a fifty-mile clip, passed a crossing. Joe realized it was just time for the freight to pull into the siding before the express would be there. No. 13 had now come almost to a stop. If Joe could only manage to send it onto the siding before the express hit them! A terrific struggle now took place in the cab. But Joe suddenly shook the madman off for a few seconds, which enabled him to seize the other and start the locomotive on the siding, after which he fainted.

When he came to the train had been stopped and the conductor was in the cab.

"Where is Gregson?" asked the conductor, "and what is the matter with you?"

Joe explained as best he could as soon as he could get his breath.

The conductor was astounded at Joe's story, and sent three brakemen back with a lantern to see if they could find anything of Gregson's body, as he had an idea that the engineer had fallen out of the cab. Sure enough, a few parts of Gregson's body were found along the track where the express had hit him and passed over his body. The conductor was now puzzled for an engineer to run the engine and train to Palmyra, but Joe now came to the front and offered his services. They were accepted and the freight, with Joe Vickers at the throttle was off on an all-night run to Trinidad.

CHAPTER VI.—How Joe Saves the Life of Florence Van Sylck.

The freight arrived at Palmyra, at the western foothills, about 3:30 in the morning, the run from the summit being made without steam and with the brakes on at intervals. Trinidad was reached at six. Here Joe put 13 in the roundhouse, and after attending to her, made out his report and took it to the office of the division superintendent. Then he looked up a boarding-house, had his breakfast and went to bed. A new engineer had been assigned to 13, and he came to Trinidad on the day express. His name was Dan Beard. He was an old and reliable man, formerly employed on the passenger trains. Sickness had kept him off of the road for some months, and now, having reported again and requested employment, he was put on the freight, that being the best that could be done for him at the present time. Joe met him that afternoon in the yard at Trinidad, and took an immediate liking to him, a feeling that was reciprocated by Beard, who was much struck by the breezy manner and gentlemanly deportment of his young fireman.

"I hear you had quite a lively time of it last night on 13 with that crazy Gregson, who was chewed up by the night express at Black Rock

siding," said Beard, after the two had got acquainted.

"I should say I had," replied Joe, with a serious countenance, for the recollection, especially its connection with his father's death, was far from pleasant.

Of course he had not mentioned even a hint in his official report of Gregson's confession about how his father's death had been brought about. Nor had he confided the secret to the conductor of the train. And when he narrated his experience to Beard, that part was carefully kept in the background. He intended that the knowledge, which he did not doubt was true, should never pass his lips, not even to his mother, for he felt it would only serve to open a wound not yet healed by time.

"You're just the kind of chap I should have chosen, if the preference had been left to me, for a cab partner," said Dan Beard, in his honest, hearty way which attracted Joe to him.

"Thank you, Mr. Beard," replied the boy. "I might say the same of you."

"Well, that's comforting," said the engineer. "I fancy we shall get along very well together."

"I hope so, sir. It won't be my fault if we don't."

"That's the way to talk," smiled Beard, in a tone of satisfaction. "It isn't every one that I hitch to, but there's something about you, my lad, that tells me that we're going to make a first-rate team."

"It is certainly an advantage for a new hand like me to fall in with a good man like you, who will give me a fair show and not try to knock me at the first chance, like some of the other engineers have the habit of doing with other new firemen."

"I'm not a knocker, my lad. No man, whether he's pulled with me or not, has ever had it in his power to say that I tried to do him. It isn't my nature. Everything fair and above-board is my motto. If I don't like my working partner I try to bring about a change in an honorable way. Those are my sentiments, and you can judge me by them."

"Well, Mr. Beard, I am glad you think I will suit you. I shall do my best to prove deserving of your good opinion."

"I feel sure you will. And on my side I will help you to reach the ambition of every fireman—that is, to become a competent engineer."

"Thank you, sir," answered Joe, gratefully.

At eight that night 13 coupled on to the east-bound freight and started back toward Pandora. The country between Trinidad and Palmyra was perfectly level. It was cultivated in sections, each section being overgrown with a tall and dense mass of prairie grass, interspersed with a sprinkling of trees and sometimes of whole woods reaching nearly to the tracks, which were double between those points. Palmyra was a busy and prosperous town, almost a city, and was intersected by a narrow river which had its source somewhere up in the mountain range which began at the very doors of the town, one might say. The freight drawn by 13 passed through Palmyra crossing a wooden bridge at the northern end of the town about 10:30, and then began its climb toward the summit several thousand feet above. At 11 the freight ran on the siding at Lone Tree

to get out of the way of the eastbound night express, which passed that point at 11:10, after which 13 and her thirty odd box cars continued on their way to the summit, where the train took the siding again for the westbound night freight. At seven o'clock next morning 13 was leading the way across the farming district toward Pandora at a merry clip.

At the same hour Herbert Chase, with Miss Florence Van Slyck, daughter of Judge Van Slyck, and the prettiest girl in Pandora, as his companion, were taken an early spin in the Chase automobile along the county road. The train and the automobile reached the crossing at the same moment. This was largely due to the fact that when Herbert had spied the freight coming along at a speed of nearly eighteen miles an hour, he decided upon the questionable experiment of beating the train and getting across first, as he was too impatient to wait for the long line of box cars to pass.

At the last moment he realized he had made a fatal mistake, and having an uncommon respect for his own elegant little person, he leaped out on the grass, accepting an unpleasant tumble and shaking up with the best grace he could, and left his machine with its fair passenger to their almost certain fate. Miss Florence saw her danger, and, with a scream, rose to her feet. The locomotive, however, was only a few yards away, and there is no doubt that the girl would have been fatally injured or instantly killed but for the presence of mind and courage of Joe Vickers. He was leaning out of the cab window ringing the bell when he saw the rapid approach of the automobile.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, calling Beard's attention to the swiftly moving machine. "They are trying to cross, as sure as you live."

Dan took in the situation, whistled down brakes, pulled over the reverse lever, put on the locomotive brake, and let down sand on the tracks, but for all that the distance to the road was too short for these emergency efforts to be of much avail. While the engineer was doing his level best to avert the impending catastrophe, Joe sprang out of the cab and ran along the engine footboard until he reached the pilot. Here he saw that a collision was certain. Was it possible for him to save the beautiful young girl at the moment the locomotive hit the auto? The chances were he could not.

"At least I will make the effort," he breathed.

It was at that thrilling moment that Herbert Chase showed the white feather and abandoned the vehicle and his gentle companion.

"The coward!" gritted Joe, as he saw the boy roll over and over on the grass by the roadside. "Serves him right if he's smashed into bits."

But Herbert had luck on his side, and fetched up in a soft bit of ooze, near the fence, without sustaining any injury except to his summer suit of clothes. A second later the auto was under the headlight, and Joe, reaching out as far as he could with his right arm, while he clung with the other to the curved bar in front of the boiler, grasped Miss Van Slyck by the arm and fairly dragged her on to the iron platform on which he stood, just as the automobile was hurled, a mass

of wreckage, against the fence at the corner of the road.

CHAPTER VII.—Only the Brave Deserve the Fair.

When the freight came to a stop Joe carried Florence Van Slyck into the cab. Although she did not faint nor give way to hysterics, she was a pretty badly frightened girl.

"You had a very narrow escape, miss," said Dan Beard, as Joe handed the lovely miss a tin cup of water.

"I should think I had," she replied, as she recovered her composure somewhat. "And to think Herbert Chase was the cause of it all, because he would insist on heading off the cars in spite of my remonstrance. Was he hurt?"

"I think not" answered Joe, dryly. "He jumped out before the locomotive struck the auto."

"I know he did, and left me there to be run down, the mean little coward!" Florence exclaimed, indignantly. "I'll never notice him again as long as I live."

"He certainly ought to be ashamed of himself," interjected the engineer. "If he was responsible for the scrape, the least he should have done was to stick by you, sink or swim."

"I believe I would have been killed if it hadn't been for you," said Miss Van Slyck, looking gratefully at Joe. "I am sure I never can thank you sufficiently for your bravery."

"I hope you won't let that fact worry you, Miss——"

Joe paused and looked at her inquiringly.

"Florence Van Slyck is my name," said the girl. "My father is Judge Van Slyck."

Dan Beard knew that the judge was Pandora's most prominent lawyer and one of the town's leading citizens. Joe also had a general idea that the judge was a man of even more local importance than Godfrey Chase, which was saying a great deal. In the meanwhile, Herbert Chase had picked himself out of the mud, and he presented a sorry spectacle. His nice new light summer suit was ruined, for, besides the dirt and ooze which covered it, several bad rents were to be seen in his coat and trousers. The automobile was in flames, what was left of it, as the gasoline tank had exploded. There wasn't a particle of use in trying to put out the flames, as the machine was practically reduced to a mass of junk, anyway.

"Didn't you hear the whistle and the bell?" asked the conductor, when he came up. "What made you try to head the train when it was so close upon you?"

"I thought I could beat it across," replied Herbert, in a crestfallen way.

"It is just such recklessness that leads to so many accidents—many of them fatal. It's a wonder you were not killed. Have any one with you?"

"Yes."

"Who?" asked the conductor, looking around for Herbert's companion.

"A girl—Miss Florence Van Slyck."

The official gave a startled whistle.

"Great Moses!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean the daughter of Judge Van Slyck?"

Herbert nodded.

"Then, where is she? She must have been killed—buried in the ruins of that blazing wreck. Come on!" he cried, excitedly, for he had a proper respect for wealth and influence, to the group of trainmen who stood around, "we must save the body, at least!"

At that moment Dan Beard signaled the conductor. While Herbert was occupying the attention of the conductor and train crew, Miss Florence got her nerve into working shape again and insisted on saying all manner of complimentary things to Joe.

"My father is a big stockholder in this railroad, and he will see that you are suitably rewarded for saving my life."

"But I don't want to be rewarded," protested the boy, with some embarrassment.

"Why not?" she asked, in some surprise.

"Because I only did my duty, miss. And I am fully paid with the knowledge that I did save you."

Miss Van Slyck opened her pretty eyes very wide and regarded the handsome young fireman with a new interest.

"But at least you will promise to call at our house and let my father and mother thank you for the service you have rendered me. I am sure they will not be satisfied unless you do."

"I don't know," the boy answered, doubtfully, for he had some idea what such an interview meant, and he didn't fancy the role of a hero.

"Please do," pleaded the girl, earnestly. "Won't you oblige me?"

What could Joe do under the circumstances? What would any boy have done in a similar position? Here was an uncommonly lovely girl of fifteen, with fluffy golden hair and pleading, sapphire-blue eyes, begging him to grant her the favor she earnestly wished for. Could he or any other boy refuse? Well, hardly. Joe, with some reluctance, promised to call at her home that afternoon. He realized the social gulf which lay between Judge Van Slyck's position and his own humble station in life. And this knowledge embarrassed him, though it is quite true he hoped one day to rise to the same plane as the judge himself, for all things are possible in America for a boy who has the ambition to contrive and the will to carry out his views, but Joe felt that a long space of time lay between the anticipation and the wished-for realization.

"I shall hold you to your promise," Florence said, with one of her captivating smiles that quite upset the boy, and caused him to wish after the unattainable. At this point the conductor came up. When his eyes lighted on Miss Slyck, seated contentedly in the cab, he was a thoroughly surprised man.

"Aren't you hurt at all?" he asked, hardly able to believe the evidence of his eyes.

She shook her head and favored him with a saucy smile.

"Well, well," with a long breath of relief, "how did you escape?"

"This young man, Joseph Vickers," and she looked at Joe to make sure she had his name right, whereat he nodded, "pulled me out of the

automobile when the locomotive struck the machine."

"Is it possible?" ejaculated the conductor.

"Yes, sir," corroborated Dan Beard, "and it was the nerviest thing I ever saw done, an I've seen a few in my time."

"Young man, you've done a big thing," said the conductor, solemnly. "You've made a powerful friend for Judge Van Slyck is bound to recognize the obligation and that is everything these days."

Joe couldn't help knowing that he had done a big thing, as the world looks at it, but he hoped Judge Van Slyck wouldn't put himself out about the matter.

"Go ahead, Dan," said the conductor. "You may ride in on the engine, Miss Van Slyck."

"May I? I'm so glad! I've just wanted to ride on an engine ever so bad," she replied, delightedly.

The engineer opened up slowly to give the conductor and train crew time to get aboard, taking Herbert up into the caboose. This having been accomplished, Beard let old 13 out at her best speed to try and make up a part of the time lost. Joe showed Florence how to pull the bell-rope as soon as they reached the outskirts of Pandora, and Dan slowed down to the regulation gate.

"Isn't this fun!" she exclaimed, as she worked her shapely little arm and the bell ding-donged away, many onlookers regarding the girl in the cab with wonder.

And in this way the freight pulled into the yard. When 13 was uncoupled, Florence was carried into the roundhouse, and when the locomotive came to her final rest, Joe politely assisted the girl to descend from her elevated perch.

"How am I to get out?" she asked, in a mystified way.

"I will pilot the way for you," replied the boy, gallantly.

"Thank you. I'm ever so much obliged."

"I think I had better take you over to the master mechanic's office," he said. "Mr. Ditchett will see that you are sent home all right."

"Just as you think best, Mr. Vickers," she answered, with a smile.

"There's your friend, Herbert Chase," said Joe. "I guess he's waiting for you."

"I don't want to see him," she said, with a disdainful toss of her head.

"I'm afraid you can't help yourself, as he is standing at the door of the office."

She stopped short.

"Then I don't want to go there," she replied, firmly.

"But——" began Joe, not knowing how to proceed.

Herbert, however, had caught sight of her and hastened to join her.

"I'm so glad you escaped all right, Miss Florence," he gushed, rushing forward and officiously interposing himself between Joe and the girl. "I will see you home at once."

"I don't think you will, Herbert Chase," she replied, drawing back. "Our acquaintance ceases from this moment."

"Why, Miss Florence——"

"That I'm not dead at this moment is no fault of yours," she snapped, angrily. "If it had not

been for the bravery of this boy, Joseph Vickers, I probably would have been. He's a hero, while you—I've no words to express my opinion of you."

Herbert Chase was taken all aback, and he darted a baleful look at Joe, as if he held him responsible for the trouble.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Nigger in the Woodpile.

"I hope you don't compare me with a common engine wiper, Miss Florence," said Herbert, with a sneer.

"What do you mean by an engine wiper?" flashed Miss Van Slyck.

"That's what this fellow is. The lowest, commonest position in the railroad company."

Joe flushed to the roots of his hair at this insult.

"I think you make a mistake, Herbert Chase. A boy may be an engine wiper and be a gentleman, too. It is honest work, and no one need be ashamed to engage in it. Mr. Ditchett, the master mechanic of this road, was once a wiper on this road. At any rate, I am no longer wiper. I have been promoted."

"You have been promoted!" exclaimed Herbert, incredulously.

"Yes. I am a regular fireman on the freight."

"Well, that isn't so much. It's only a step above a wiper."

"I think you asked me if I meant to compare you with this boy," said Florence, with flashing eyes, for she was thoroughly disgusted with Herbert's conduct. "No. I wouldn't think of comparing you with him."

"I should think not," said Herbert, complacently.

"Because," she continued, cuttingly, "you're not his equal in courage, in politeness nor manliness—in fact, you're not in his class at all. The only advantage you have over him is your father's money and influence. I wish you to understand that I am proud to know him, even if he was still an engine wiper, as you call it. And I am sure my parents will agree with my resolution when they learn how you acted in the hour of our mutual peril. That has classed you as a coward in my eyes, and you have now proved yourself no gentleman by deliberately insulting this boy in my presence. I wish you good-by. Will you show me into the office, Mr. Vickers?"

Herbert stood rooted to the spot with rage and mortification. He had never experienced such a taking-down in his life. And to think Florence Van Slyck, the girl he thought the most of in town, was the one to rake him over the coals. Not only that, but she had degraded him before a common railroad employee. Worst of all, he knew in his inmost soul that he deserved every word of censure she had administered to him. That, however, didn't make it any the more palatable. Well, he would have revenge, at any rate. Not on Miss Van Slyck, because that was out of the question. He would make Joe Vickers suffer for it all.

"I'll tell father to fire him from the road," he gritted, unpleasantly. "That will take him down

a peg or two, I guess. I'd like to see him in the poorhouse. I'll make it my business to see that he doesn't get another job in Pandora, the stuck-up beggar. Oh, how I hate him! So, I'm not in the same class with him! I should think not. If he's Miss Van Slyck's idea of a gentleman, I can't say much for her taste."

Then his thoughts reverted to the condition of his clothes.

"I can't go through the streets looking like a tramp," he growled. "I'll have to go to Dobbin's livery stable in the next block and hire a rig. That reminds me, I haven't had breakfast yet, and it must be after nine o'clock. I wonder how I'll square myself with the governor for the loss of the auto?" he mused, as he started out of the railroad yard. "Well, he's got loads of coin. Let him buy another."

When Joe got home that morning he found his mother anxiously awaiting his return.

"I've never been so lonely as during the interval you've been away from home, Joe?" she said, kissing him fondly.

"I'm sorry, mother," he answered, "but you know I can't regulate my time," said the boy, as he sat down to his breakfast.

"I am not complaining, my son. We must bow to the regulations of the company. I wish, however, that you had a day run."

"The night trips are the least desirable, and that is why the new hands get them, I suppose."

"We must be satisfied with the reflection that you have been promoted to a better position. I am glad you are done with engine wiping at last."

"So am I, mother. My next step will probably be to fire a passenger locomotive—maybe the express. And then—"

"And then?" repeated Mrs. Vickers, with a smile.

"When fully competent I expect to become an engineer."

"Is that the height of your ambition, Joe?"

"No, mother, far from it. Some day I mean to be general manager of the Nimrod & Pandora, or some other road," he said, enthusiastically.

"You are looking a long way ahead, are you not?"

"Why not, mother? I think one ought to aim high, and then try to work up to it. It is no disgrace if you do not always hit the mark. At least it is a satisfaction to feel that one has done his best to get there."

"You have more ambition than your poor father. He was content to be a good engineer. He never expected to rise higher than that."

"Father was all right in his way. I may never be able to get higher myself. But I think I will, if I live, for the young man has more opportunities to-day for advancement than ever before, and I don't mean to be left behind if I can help it."

"Now, Joe, I have something to tell you that will surprise you."

"What is it, mother?" asked the boy, curiously.

"Mr. Chase called on me yesterday afternoon."

"You don't mean that, do you?" pushing back his chair and looking at her.

"Yes."

"I hope he hasn't any designs on this cottage, has he?"

"Oh, no. How could he, as long as I pay the interest promptly?"

"When is the balance of the principal due?"

"Not for two years yet."

"Well, that's a satisfaction. You have \$500 in bank, and I expect to earn enough money to clear it off by that time," said Joe, confidently.

"I trust you will, my son, but I think it will not be necessary."

"How so?" asked Joe, in some surprise.

"Mr. Chase has pointed out a way by which I can cancel the mortgage and have a sum of money to put in the bank besides."

"You don't say!" ejaculated the astonished boy. "Mr. Chase seems to have grown very considerate of us all of a sudden. What's behind it?"

"My son, you seem to be unreasonably suspicious of Mr. Chase."

"Not unreasonably, mother. If I am mistaken in him I shall be only too willing to accord him the justice he may deserve. Tell me what he said to you."

"Well, he made me an offer to take back that parcel of land he deeded to your father in full payment for his note of \$2,500. He said the matter has weighed heavily on his conscience of late. He feels that he did your father an injustice. But he excused himself on the ground that he was short of money at the time."

"That may be true enough. But he hasn't been short of money these last ten years. Look at the value of his stock in the Nimrod & Pandora, which is selling 'way above par! Look at his elegant house on Riverside Drive! Well, what did he have to propose?" asked Joe, with considerable interest.

"He is willing to give us the full \$2,500, with interest to date, for the return of that property."

"Oh, he is?" said Joe, with a whistle of surprise. "Why, that would be something like \$4,000, I should imagine."

"He had it figured out. It was something like that."

"And what did you say to it, mother?"

"I was very much astonished at the offer, and very much delighted. Why, \$4,000 is a pile of money."

"To us, yes, but nothing to speak of to Mr. Godfrey Chase."

"He wanted me to sign the deed which he had brought with him, but of course I would not do that without your consent, as the property is yours. He seemed to be much disappointed, for he said he had brought the check with him—he showed it to me—and intimated that his time was very valuable. However, he said he would call again this afternoon."

"Mother, you did quite right. The more I look at this man's sudden eagerness to get hold of the land now, the more I suspect that he has in some way discovered that it is worth much more than the \$4,000 that he offers us for it. Maybe the gold brick he saddled on father has developed into a real, Simon-pure gold brick, 18 or even 22-karats fine. Who knows?"

"How can we tell that, Joe?" she asked, doubtfully.

"The only way to tell is to investigate."

"And who will take the trouble to investigate this land for you?"

"I think I know some one who will help me out. When Mr. Chase calls this afternoon I'll put him off. Give him any old excuse. I've got a date at Judge Van Slyck's this afternoon, and I'll talk the thing over with him."

"Why, what should take you to Judge Van Slyck's, Joe?" asked his mother, in great surprise, for she was well aware of the social importance of the Van Slycks.

"I promised Miss Florence Van Slyck that I would call."

"What business takes you there?"

"I will explain," he replied, with a breezy laugh. "I rendered Miss Van Slyck a service this morning, and she wouldn't take no for an answer but I must call and see her father and mother this afternoon. So I'm going to get into my Sunday togs and make my debut into the cream of Pandora society. It will be your turn next, mother," he added, gayly, "so you want to look up your finery when the time comes."

Then Joe told his mother of his thrilling rescue of Florence that morning. Of course Mrs. Vickers felt very proud to learn that her dear boy had proved his courage in so signal a manner, though she could not repress a shudder when she thought of the risk he ran.

"The Van Slycks are very nice people," she said; "much nicer, I think, than the Chases."

"Well, I guess!" replied Joe, with some energy.

"But you can hardly expect that you will be allowed to associate with Florence as an equal—the lines of society are too strongly drawn for that. They will no doubt treat you very kindly—that is to be expected under the usual circumstances—but I hope, Joe, you will not impose on their friendship."

"That's all right, mother. I'm only a fireman on the road of which the judge is senior counsel. But I mean to consult him about that plot of land—father's gold brick."

"I see no objection to that. He may be able to advise you as to its value."

"Now, mother, I've more to tell you. I met with a singular and exciting experience on the engine last night. It's a wonder you didn't notice the story in the morning's paper."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Vickers, somewhat disturbed.

Joe at once related what he had gone through with at the hands of the crazy engineer of 13, but he was careful to hold back everything he had heard from the frenzied lips of Gregson, which affected his father's death and the causes leading up to it.

"You had a very narrow escape, my boy," said Mrs. Vickers, tearfully. "And the man was really ground to death by the express?" she added, with a shudder.

"Yes, mother, he was. And now 13 has a new engineer—Dan Beard. He's taken a great fancy to me, and I to him. I am sure we shall be great friends."

Having thus reassured his mother, Joe went out to visit a friend. After dinner he got ready to call on the Van Slycks.

"I don't like this offer of Mr. Chase's for that property," he mused, as he dressed himself. "That man isn't to be trusted, wealthy as he is accounted to be. It's my opinion there is a nig-

ger in the woodpile, and I'm going to make it my business to bring him to the light."

CHAPTER IX.—Joe Calls at Judge Van Slyck's Home.

It was about three o'clock that Joe reached the residence of Judge Van Slyck, marched up the gravel path which led to the front door and rang the bell. He gave his name to the maid and was shown into the parlor. In a few minutes the maid returned and asked him to walk into the library. Judge Van Slyck rose from a big, leather-covered revolving chair in front of his desk, came forward and greeted his young visitor warmly.

"I am very glad to make the acquaintance of so brave and manly a lad as you have proved yourself to be," he said. "In saving the life of our only child, Florence, you have placed us under a debt of gratitude we can never repay."

Joe was clearly embarrassed in the presence of so dignified and important a personage as Judge Van Slyck, and the lawyer, observing it, hastened to put him at his ease.

"Sit down here; I would like to talk with you," and he led the boy to a seat beside his desk. "How long have you been in the company's employ?"

"About a year, sir."

"You began as a wiper in the roundhouse, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have been recently advanced to fireman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your father and mother—may I ask if they are alive?"

"My mother is. My father was engineer on the express for many years. He was killed in an accident at Black Rock siding three years ago."

"I recall the lamentable occurrence," said the judge. "I presume the company provided for your mother."

"No, sir," replied Joe, with a trace of bitterness in his tone, "the company did nothing for mother beyond paying for father's funeral expenses."

"You astonish me," and the judge looked it. "How was that?"

Joe told him that his father had been held accountable for the catastrophe.

"It was a false and cruel allegation," added the boy, resentfully. "Until lately I believed it was the fault of the engine which father had to take out that day, as he found something the matter with her, which he reported, but it was not attended to. But I believe now the accident was brought about by a switch which had been tampered with."

"On what evidence do you make this assertion?" asked the amazed lawyer.

Joe rehearsed the events of his first trip up the mountains with Gregson, the engineer who had unaccountably gone insane during the run to Black Rock siding. The judge listened attentively, then shook his head.

"The man was clearly mad," he said. "You ought not to place any dependency on his talk."

Still," thoughtfully, "there might have been something in it, if he really owed your father a grudge."

"I believe he did."

Joe then mentioned the attitude assumed at the time toward his mother by Godfrey Chase, the president of the road.

"You say that Mr. Chase was an old friend of your father's?" remarked Judge Van Slyck.

"Yes, sir, but when Mr. Chase grew rich and became a railroad magnate he ceased to have any further interest in us."

Judge Van Slyck asked the boy many questions about his father's connection with the road, and afterward about his own plans and ambitions, and the lad's answers interested him greatly. Finally Joe spoke about the piece of property which Mr. Chase had worked off on his father and now seemed so anxious to recover. He showed the deed to the lawyer and asked him if he would interest himself in it so far as to ascertain what the property really was worth.

"I will do so with great pleasure," said Judge Van Slyck, taking the deed and making a note of the matter.

At this point Mrs. Van Slyck entered the room, accompanied by her daughter. Florence greeted Joe effusively.

"Mother," she said, "this is Joseph Vickers, the bravest boy in Pandora."

Mrs. Van Slyck expressed the pleasure she felt in meeting the lad to whom she was indebted for the rescue of her dear child from a most perilous situation.

"The judge and myself will never forget what we owe you, Mr. Vickers; and I hope you will look upon us as your most sincere and grateful friends."

Joe bowed, and said he believed that he had only done his duty. His modest and gentlemanly manner favorably impressed the judge and his wife. His good looks and manly way had their effect on Florence.

"Aren't you glad to be the hero of a thrilling adventure?" asked the girl, roguishly, when they were left by themselves for a little while.

"I don't know," replied Joe, slightly embarrassed by her question.

"I think you ought to be," she said, gaily. "It isn't every young man who gets the chance to save a young lady's life at the risk of his own."

"I'm afraid you exaggerate my share of the proceedings. I was fortunate in being able to catch you, Miss Van Slyck."

"But you saved me, just the same, didn't you?"

Joe had to admit that fact.

"I think it just too delightful to be rescued by a nice young man."

Joe blushed and said nothing.

"I said you were a nice young man," repeated Florence, apparently enjoying his confusion; "and you don't seem to have a word to say."

"I was paralyzed by the remark," blurted out the young fireman.

"Well, don't you think you are a nice young man?" persisted his fair tormentor.

"I haven't given the matter any thought," replied Joe, beginning to pluck up courage in his own defense. "It is rather a difficult question

to answer," he added, growing bolder, "when such a pretty girl as yourself insists on a reply."

"Well," she said, with a little gasp and a rosy blush, "you certainly are improving."

"I couldn't do otherwise under the charming influence of your presence," he said, gallantly.

"Are you in the habit of reading novels, Mr. Vickers?"

"No, Miss Van Slyck. My time is otherwise employed."

"Then you must be a natural-born hero. No doubt you have been longing for years for an opportunity to rescue some unfortunate young lady from a situation similar to that which occurred this morning. Your patience has at last been rewarded, and I am the victim."

"Then I am to infer that you would have preferred not to have been rescued? Is that it?" said Joe, with a grin.

"Oh, dear, no!" she hastily replied. "I assure you I am deeply grateful that you appeared at the nick of time, otherwise I'm afraid I wouldn't be here now to enjoy myself at the expense of such a nice young man as yourself."

"If I afford you that pleasure I am satisfied I have not lived in vain."

"How delightfully you say that. I don't know but, on the whole, I should congratulate myself on having been saved by such a nice——"

"Please don't, Miss Van Slyck," protested Joe, rather enjoying the girl's good-natured banter.

Florence was simply overflowing with life and vivaciousness, and though she was perfectly conscious of the debt she owed the boy, and grateful to him, down to the very bottom of her warm little heart, she couldn't help acting as she did if she died for it. The entrance of Judge Van Slyck at this moment prevented any further exhibition of the young lady's pleasantries, and Joe rose to take his leave.

"Wait a moment," said the judge, and, going to his desk, took a small pastboard box from one of the pigeon-holes. "On behalf of Mrs. Van Slyck and myself I wish to present you with this slight token of our esteem and gratitude."

Thus speaking, Judge Van Slyck opened the box, took out an elegant gold watch and chain and handed it to Joe. The boy was surprised and overpowered by this testimonial of appreciation. He accepted it with a few words of thanks.

"You must call on us soon again," said the judge, kindly.

"Certainly you must," insisted Florence. "We didn't finish our conversation, you know," she added, with a winning smile.

And Joe promised to call some evening soon.

CHAPTER X.—Joe's First Trip As Engineer.

Two weeks passed away, during which Joe made his regular trips on 13 with Dan Beard, over the mountains, with the freight, between Pandora and Trinidad. Dan devoted his spare moments to the instruction of the boy, and allowed Joe frequently to take long spells at the throttle to familiarize himself thoroughly with the handling of a locomotive. Joe made rapid progress under the patronage of his new friend, and possessing the knack of picking things up

fast, and having a strong sympathy with his work, he was soon fairly competent to run an engine under all the circumstances he had faced thus far.

"I happen to know that the road is short of engineers," Dan said to Joe, one morning, as they were running in toward Pandora. "And it wouldn't surprise me in the least if you soon got a chance to show what you're made of in the engineering line."

"I hardly think so," answered the boy, doubtfully; "that's almost too good to be true. I've only been firing three weeks, and whether I'm competent or not to fill the bill, Mr. Ditchett would hardly be able to form any idea as to my ability as an engineer."

"The master mechanic was speaking to me about you the day before yesterday. He's keeping his eye on you, I am positive. You're bright and smart, and the way you pick up things is a caution. The way you took Gregson's place when the man went daft before he committed suicide, and carried the freight all the way to Trinidad without ever having been over the road before, was bound to attract attention to you. You were on time to the minute, and the brakeman who fired for you reported that you went through your ticklish duty like an old hand. Abel Hyde has been on a spree ever since you saved him from being run over in the yard. Then Brice, one of the freight engineers, is down with malarial fever. And Judson, another, broke his leg and is in the hospital."

"The company seems to be having hard luck with their engineers."

"Such things happen every once in a while, and then some of the firemen get their chance to step up another notch. If they make good, it usually leads to a steady job at the throttle."

"Of course I'd like to get a chance, as firing is pretty hard work and often a thankless job; but to tell the truth, I'd hate to part from you."

"Same here, my lad; but I'm afraid we sha'n't hang together as a team long, in any event."

"Why not, Mr. Beard?" asked the boy, not a little dismayed at the idea of separation from his friend.

"Well, I got a hint from the master mechanic that this might be my last trip on 13. He gave me to understand that it was more than probable I should get 44, Hyde's engine, which takes out the day express."

This was unpleasant intelligence for Joe, and for the rest of the way to town he looked as glum as he felt. While attending to his final duties in connection with 13 in the roundhouse, Beard walked in and came up to him.

"Well, Joe, we're both through with 13, I'm thinking. At any rate, I am, for I go out with the express to-morrow morning. As for yourself, Mr. Ditchett told me to tell you to report at his office before you go home. That means there's something in the wind. He asked me a lot of questions as to your capability to handle an engine, from which I judge you are slated for promotion. It may be only temporary to fill a gap, but it's up to you to make the most of the chance if it really comes your way."

Joe's heart gave a great bound. Now that it was certain that he and Dan were no longer to

pull together, he was simply delighted at the bare idea that he might be placed at the throttle.

"Of course it will be a switch engine, if anything," he remarked.

"That doesn't follow," replied Beard, with a smile. "But whatever you may get will mean a step forward, and that's what you're looking for."

In twenty minutes Joe sent his name in to the master mechanic, and was asked to walk into the inner office.

"I was told you wanted to see me, sir," said the boy, respectfully.

"Hum!" and Ditchett looked him over, much as he had done when Joe was first called before him three weeks previous. "You fired for Gregson, I believe, on your first trip over the mountains?" said the master mechanic, abruptly.

"Yes, sir," replied Joe, promptly.

"Gregson lost his life at Black Rock siding, and you ran the freight the rest of the way to Trinidad, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Been firing for Beard ever since, I think."

"I have."

"Consider yourself capable of handling an engine, I suppose?" and Mr. Ditchett fixed him with his sharp eyes.

"Yes, sir," replied Joe, confidently, but with becoming modesty.

"Humph! How do you know?" sharply.

Joe proceeded to give his reasons, and referred the master mechanic to Dan Beard as authority for his statement.

"Hum! I want a man to go down the road right away, about thirty miles, and bring up a coal train. Will you go?"

"Yes, sir."

"Haven't had your breakfast yet, have you?"

"No, sir. I'd like to get a bite before I go out."

"Very well. There's a restaurant outside. Take twenty minutes, and then report to Mr. Radway. That's all."

Joe sent word to his mother that he wouldn't be able to get home for some hours, got outside of a cup of coffee and a small steak, and then returned to the yard.

"The coal train is on a siding up Silver Bow Branch," said the yardmaster. "You want to get it here as soon as you can."

"Very well, sir."

"You will take No. 15. She's waiting for you yonder."

Joe walked out to the locomotive and tender. A bright young wiper, who had been recently promised, was going to fire for him. Vickers climbed into the cab.

"Hello, Oliver!" addressing his assistant, with whom he was well acquainted. "I see you've got a boost, too."

"Yep. I've been firing in the yard for a week. She's all ready to start. I've coaled, watered and oiled her up, so all you've got to do is to pull out."

"All right. Ring."

Joe felt like a king when he opened 15 up, glided on to the main track and thence out of the yard. There were trains, of course, to be avoided on that road, but the boy ran down to Silver Bow Branch in good time and then up to the siding, where he found the coal cars already

made up. He had had nothing to do but to couple on and start off, and he lost no time in doing so. He had to hang up at one siding for the afternoon mail to pass, and she was six minutes behind. That took fifteen minutes, and half an hour more was consumed at another siding, while he waited for a couple of passenger trains, one either way, to go by. At last stop was made at Pagoda Junction to avoid the east-bound day express from Grand Junction, and for the rest of the way into Pandora, Joe had a clear track, and he made 15 thump herself. Finally he ran into the yard with his long train of coal cars, and shortly after, with a sigh of relief, he took 15 to the roundhouse and left her in charge of his fireman.

CHAPTER XI.—In the Grasp of His Enemies.

When Joe left the yard that afternoon for home, he had orders to report next morning for instructions. It was the talk of the yard that engineers were scarce just at the moment on the Nimrod & Pandora road. The contributing reason for this state of affairs was that the general manager had been cutting down expenses and running everything close. The real reason was that just when spare men were at a premium, Hyde and two or three other competent engineers were put out by drink and sickness, and that put the road in a bit of a hole, which it was necessary to fill, temporarily at any rate, from the firemen, whose places in turn were recruited from among the wipers. In addition, many of the engineers and firemen were over-worked by being forced to make extra trips, which is not an uncommon occurrence on some roads, though a railroad always takes a risk when it works its employees to death to save a few dollars.

Joe reached home and found his mother somewhat worried over his prolonged absence, notwithstanding the text of the note he had sent her that morning, previous to his departure down the road after the coal train. She started to get dinner right away, as he declared he was as hungry as a bear. Joe explained how he had been engaged since he came in with the freight in the morning.

"Mr. Chase was here again this morning about that property."

"Seems very anxious to square himself with us, doesn't he, mother?"

"He does, indeed."

"This is the fifth time, I think, he has honored us with a call on the subject."

"I haven't kept count. I know he has called several times."

"Now, mother, it isn't at all like Godfrey Chase to put himself out to that extent merely to do us a favor, as he claims, is it?"

"He certainly hasn't noticed us before in years."

"Then I feel more certain than ever that there is something in the background."

"When do you expect to hear from Judge Van Slyck about the property?"

"I am unable to say. He promised to attend to it, and as it is a favor on his part, of course

it is not for me to hurry him. He is a very busy man."

"It would be well to have the matter settled one way or the other as soon as possible, for Mr. Chase thinks it very strange that we hesitate over the reconveyance of the property to him under such favorable terms as he has proposed."

"How did you manage to head him off to-day?"

"I told him you had not come to a decision yet."

"What did he say to that?"

"He rather bluntly called you a fool, and said that the property being in my name I ought not to be so foolish as to be guided by your ridiculous ideas when a matter of \$4,000 was to be so easily picked up."

"I am much obliged to him for his fine opinion of me. It is nothing more than I might expect from him. I hope you gave him to understand that the property was practically out of your hands. That I had bought it of you for \$500."

"I have already told him that twice, but he pooh-poohed at it. He said I was your natural guardian, which, of course, is true, and that whatever technically belonged to you was entirely under my control, and that I had a perfectly legal right to sell the property, or anything else in that line to which you might lay claim, if I chose to do so. He said it was preposterous for me to defer to the opinion of a mere boy like you."

"That was only a bluff, mother."

"By the way, Katie Todd called this morning, early, before she went to work."

"Did she?" said Joe, with some interest. "What did she want? I haven't been able to see Katie for quite a while."

"She said she wanted to see you very much. Seemed to be quite anxious over something. She left a note for you, which she asked me to be sure and see that you got as soon as possible."

"Where is it, mother?"

"On the mantel in the dining-room."

Joe walked into that room and got it.

"I wonder what she has to say to me?" mused the boy, as he tore the envelope open.

"Dear Joe—I want to warn you against that engineer with whom you had some trouble—Abel Hyde. He's up to some scheme to injure you, and I'm sorry to say father is helping him. I couldn't find out what it is, but I fear it is something serious. Father has been drunk almost continuously since the evening he met us on the street, and we have all had a hard time of it. ('Poor Katie,' murmured Joe). I heard father mention the name of Mr. Chase, the president of the railroad, several times, almost in the same breath that he talked about you and Abel Hyde. I can't imagine what he could mean by that, and I merely mention the circumstance because it seems so queer to me. Please be on your guard against both my father and Abel Hyde. It would make me feel very badly indeed if you came to harm, especially through my father, who, bad as he is, is still my father."

"Katie Todd."

Joe ate his dinner and then went up to his room for a sleep, of which he felt greatly in need, for

he hadn't closed his eyes since the previous day at Trinidad. It was nearly nine o'clock when he woke up, and he decided, as the night was fine, he would go out and take a short walk, for he wanted to see one of his friends on a little matter of business.

"I'll be back in an hour, mother," he said, as he put on his hat.

"Very well," she answered. "I'll wait up for you, as I sha'n't care to go to bed before ten."

The eveninig was warm, for it was the first part of July. There was no moon, and as the sky was overcast, the streets in that locality, not any too well lighted, were rather dark and, at that hour, somewhat lonesome. Joe started up the street at a swinging stride habitual with him, and consequently did not observe the crouching figure of a man who, a few minutes before, had slouched up against the fence which enclosed the neat little garden in front of his mother's cottage. The figure straightened up as Joe walked off, and stealthily followed in his wake. At the corner he was joined by another person, and both sneaked along at the pace set by the boy, but kept as close as possible in the shadow of the houses.

Joe turned down an adjacent street and his shadowers did likewise. Then he crossed over and continued along on the other side of a block and turned up a shady street. The fellows behind crossed at the corner and now rapidly closed in on him. Half-way up the block, and within two doors of his destination, his sharp ears detected the stealthy steps behind, and he turned and looked back. He saw the indistinct forms of the two men coming quickly on. Supposing, naturally, they were men going home, he made no effort to avoid them. In a moment or two they were up to him. Suddenly something soft and clinging was thrown over his head and he was pinned down to the walk, without the power to utter a cry for help.

CHAPTER XII.—In Which Katie Todd Shows What She is Made Of.

Of course Joe, as soon as he realized what was happening to him, put up a hard struggle to free himself from the folds of the material which enveloped his head and shoulders, but both of the men plumped themselves down on him and pinioned his arms to his sides in such a way that he soon found himself quite helpless. Then the air within the shawl was soon exhausted, and a sufficient quantity of fresh air not being obtainable, the boy quickly collapsed and lay quite still, whereupon the brace of ruffians, not meaning to do him up entirely there on the street, cautiously removed the covering from his head and permitted the atmosphere to circulate in his lungs again. They were satisfied that they had accomplished their object, which was to render him insensible, so that they might be able to carry out the rest of the program without opposition on the boy's part.

"He's quiet enough now," said the voice of Abel Hyde. "Pick him up by the heels and we'll carry him to the house."

The individual who had been requested to lift

Joe's nether limbs would easily have been recognized as Michael Todd by any one who knew him. Hyde took hold of the boy under the armpits, and thus the two men carried the young engineer along the shady and deserted street for several blocks without meeting a soul, not even a policeman, and Pandora was reputed to be fairly well picketed by the guardians of the peace. Finally they turned a corner, which brought them down by the railroad track. Alongside of the track they walked for some little distance until they came to a solitary, lonesome-looking two-story dwelling, much in need of paint and repair, and which seemed to be uninhabited.

Hyde and his companion laid the boy down, and the former produced a key from his pocket and opened the front door. Then they raised the unconscious boy between them, entered the building and shut and locked the door behind them. Hardly had they disappeared with their prisoner before another figure came out of the gloom from the direction the men and their burden had come. It was a small figure, and it wore skirts and a hat not adapted to a man or a boy—therefore its sex could not be misunderstood. It was a girl, and a very determined little one at that, who, had she been asked by one entitled to an answer, would have said that her name was Katie Todd.

Half an hour before Katie had been looking out of her unlit chamber window, which commanded a view of the Vicker cottage, diagonally across the street, when she saw two men, whom she identified as her father and Abel Hyde, come up the road. They separated in front of the house, one going on to the corner, while the other, Hyde, crossed over toward the Vickers house. At that moment Joe came out, and she saw the two men follow him stealthily behind. That was enough for Katie.

She knew they were up to some mischief directed at Joe Vickers, and she at once decided, like the brave little girl she was, that she would track the shadowers and try to get a chance to warn the boy. So she put on her hat and started forth into the night, undismayed by the lonesomeness of the streets and the silence which reigned abroad at that hour. But she failed in her effort to intercept Joe, and almost betrayed her presence by a scream when he was set upon and overpowered. When Hyde and Todd started to carry Joe away, Katie followed as silent and alert as an Indian on a trail, and she had now spotted the place which appeared to be the destination of the two men. Taking note of the building and its surroundings, Katie started off toward the distant railroad yard to get help to release Joe from his predicament. In the meantime, Hyde and his companion carried Joe upstairs to a rudely furnished room, and threw him on the bed.

Drawing a chair up near the door, which he closed, Hyde coolly filled his pipe, struck a match and, applying the light to the bowl, began to smoke.

"Anythin' to drink on the premises?" asked Todd, in an eager voice.

Hyde nodded his head toward the bureau, which stood near the window. Todd took the hint, opened the top drawer and swooped down upon a pint bottle of old rye, in which several

good-sized drinks still remained. After the section foreman had withdrawn the bottle from his lips there was a noticeable shrinkage of its contents. The gurgle of the liquor awakened a kindred desire on Hyde's part to sample the whisky also, and as soon as the bottle came into his hands he drank down the remainder and tossed the bottle upon the floor behind him.

"That's where my money goes," he remarked, with a satisfied grin.

"Mine, too," said Todd.

"But this night's work ought to point the way to many more of them bottles," quothed Hyde, complacently.

"That's what it ought," agreed his associate.

A movement from the bed attracted Hyde's notice.

"He's coming to his senses," the engineer remarked. "You'd better go downstairs and keep an eye out for the trackwalker. As soon as he passes down, come up."

Michael nodded and left the room. He went downstairs to one of the lower rooms, overlooking the track and seated himself on a box by the window. The silence and the last dose of whisky produced a somnolent effect upon him, and the result was his head soon fell upon his breast and he snored away to beat the band. Upstairs, Hyde watched Joe Vickers gradually come to consciousness.

"Where am I?" muttered the boy, aloud, as he sat up in stupefied astonishment at his unusual surroundings.

"Where I've been waiting to get you," said Hyde, and then Joe realized that he was not alone, but face to face with his enemy, the vindictive engineer.

"Why did you bring me here?" he asked, firmly.

"To have a talk with you where there is no likelihood of interruption," replied the engineer.

"I suppose I've got to listen to you."

"I reckon you have, so we'll proceed to business. There's a little account to be settled between you and me, if you remember. I'm willing to let that go if you're disposed to be reasonable in the matter, which I am authorized to arrange with you. If you turn balky, why, all I've got to say is, there'll be a freight along here in half an hour and you'll be tied to the track out yonder in a way that'll allow the wheels to make mincemeat of you."

"What do you want of me?" asked Joe, with a shudder at the significant reference to the expected freight train.

Abel Hyde rose, went to a big table at one side of the room, and pulling out a drawer took therefrom a small book and a pad of writing paper, together with a penholder and a bottle of ink. From his pocket he produced a folded legal document.

"Write a note to your mother, telling her to sign this deed, which conveys a certain piece of property to Mr. Godfrey Chase, president of the N. & P. Tell her that business prevents your return to-night, and that she can take Mr. Chase's check to the bank to-morrow and have it cashed. After you have done that you must take your solemn oath on this here Bible never to open your mouth about what has occurred here to-night, nor to make any fuss about the transfer of the prop-

erty in question. If you agree to do this you'll be set free to-morrow morning in time to report for work at the yard. If you refuse, the freight will get you. I'll give you five minutes to make up your mind."

"You must think I am a fool to agree to any such scheme as you propose. Mr. Chase has only defeated himself by employing such a tool as yourself to gain his ends," said Joe, stoutly.

Abel Hyde laughed sardonically.

"You certainly are a greater fool than I took you to be, Joe Vickers. You must either do what I want or die a horrible death. If it must be the latter, your mother will gladly sign away that property in order to get money enough to bury what will be found of your remains and to save her cottage from ultimate foreclosure of the mortgage Mr. Chase holds upon it."

"You are a scoundrel, Abel Hyde!" cried Joe, rising to his feet.

"Hard words break no bones," grinned the engineer.

"Then I'll see whether this will make any impression on them!" cried Joe, rushing over and grabbing the chair, which he swung aloft with the evident intention of striking down the rascal. But Hyde was equal to the occasion. He jumped aside and evaded the descending chair, which slipped away from the lad's grasp. Then, with an oath, the engineer sprang upon Joe and bore him to the floor. The boy was strong as a young lion, and he knew the situation was desperate, so he fought for his life, with every ounce of power he could bring to bear. Hyde, however, was a man of iron muscle and dogged resolution, and proved to be more than his match. Over and over they rolled about the floor of the room, now one on top, then the other—each seeking to master the other. The table was overturned, the candlestick falling to the floor. The struggle soon had its effect on Joe, and with a feeling of despair he felt himself growing weaker and weaker. Finally Hyde got him down and held him down. The talon-like fingers of the schemer closed about Joe's neck, and were fast choking the life out of the boy, when the door was suddenly burst open and Dan Beard, closely followed by Katie Todd, dashed into the room.

CHAPTER XIII.—Abel Hyde Is Held for Trail.

Dan Beard sized up the situation. He didn't lose a moment in grasping Abel Hyde by the shoulders and yanking him off the prostrate boy. Joe's big friend had the advantage of size and strength, and being much in earnest, he made short work of Hyde. He threw the man on the bed and sat on him. Katie rushed to Joe and assisted him to rise. She had expected to find her father in the room also, and was thankful he was not, as his absence simplified matters greatly.

"That was a narrow shave I had," said the boy, rubbing his throat where he still could feel the unpleasant sensation caused by Hyde's vise-like grip. "How came you here, Katie? You and Dan?"

"I can't tell you yet. Mr. Beard is calling you."

"Come here, Joe. I want you to tie this rascal while I hold him!" cried Dan.

Joe was only too willing to take a hand in putting his late antagonist in a shape where he couldn't do any more harm. Abel Hyde didn't take his defeat calmly, as may be supposed. He squirmed and kicked, and swore like a trooper, while Joe tore one of the dirty bed sheets into strips and tied his arms and legs. Finally he was reduced to a helpless state.

"This isn't the end of this matter by a long shot," he gritted, fiercely, regarding the boy with a malignant scowl. "I'll get square with you yet if it takes me months or years to reach you."

"Shut up, you cantankerous scoundrel!" exclaimed Beard, with some warmth. "You'll harm nobody for some time to come, I'm thinking. Where's your companion?"

"Find out!" growled Hyde.

Beard and Katie had been accompanied by another man, a stout teamster with whom Dan had been talking down by the corner of the railroad yard where Katie, in search of assistance, fortunately ran against them. He had remained standing in the background, as his aid did not seem to be required. Now he came forward and said:

"I heard somebody moving about downstairs just now. Perhaps it is the man you want."

Beard agreed that it would be well to investigate, so he and the teamster left the room.

"Now, Katie," said Joe, regarding the pretty factory girl with a look of great interest, "I want to hear how you and Dan discovered I had been brought here."

"It was just luck," she said, earnestly, "and I am so glad we got here in time to save you."

Then she told Joe how she had seen the two men, one of whom was her father, from the window; how she had followed in their wake intent on warning him of his danger, and how, when this proved futile, she had gone in search of help, and been so fortunate as to find Dan Beard and a companion a few blocks away. She knew Beard by sight, and when she had hurriedly told her story, Dan and his friends accompanied her back to the building into which she had seen Joe carried. They had effected an entrance through a rear window, which they had found unsecured, and the noise of the struggle upstairs had guided them to the right spot.

"There, that's all," concluded the girl, with a note of excitement in her tones.

"Do you know, I believe you have saved my life to-night, Katie," said Joe, with a look of mingled gratitude and admiration in his eyes, while he held her two brown little hands in his. "Hyde swore he meant to tie me down to the track outside and let the incoming freight carve me up if I refused to do what he wanted."

"Oh!" shuddered the girl. "And did my father agree to that awful——"

Her eyes filled with tears of grief and shame. Joe pitied her.

"That is a question which must remain unanswered, Katie," he said.

"You wish to spare me the humiliation of knowing that my father was in thought at least a——"

Joe knew the dreadful word which fluttered on her trembling tongue, and he caught her in his arms as she uttered a pathetic little cry, almost

of despair. Her head dropped on his shoulder, and she sobbed for a few moments as if her heart would break. Joe comforted her as best he knew how.

"I will make it as easy as possible for your father if he is arrested," he said, earnestly.

Katie looked up at him gratefully.

"I know you mean it," she replied, "but the dreadful story will have to be told. My own statement will be enough to convict my father of being an accomplice of a crime."

Dan Beard and his friend, the teamster, now returned, after an unsuccessful search for Michael Todd. The man had evidently taken alarm and fled. A heavy rumble and the strident puffing of a locomotive announced the approach of the freight. The cars slowly rolled by the old house, causing the building to tremble down to its foundations.

"Well," said Dan, "we may as well get out of here. Come now!" cutting the bonds which had secured Hyde's legs, "get on to your feet. We're going to march you up to jail."

Abel Hyde sullenly obeyed, for resistance was of no avail. Twenty minutes later Joe made his charge against the scoundrelly engineer, and the fellow was locked up, pending his examination in the police court in the morning. Then the party separated, Joe seeing Katie home. It was after midnight when the boy knocked for admission at his home.

"Why, Joe, I did not think you meant to stay out until this hour," said his mother, whose face wore an anxious look.

"Nor did I, mother. Come into the dining-room and I will tell you what detained me."

Joe knew that he had to tell his story though he hated to upset his mother. So he explained his adventure as gently as he could. Of course the story was a shock to Mrs. Vickers—how could it be otherwise? You know how it is with mothers. Her gratitude to Katie Todd was boundless.

"And now, mother, you see what kind of a man Godfrey Chase is. He will stoop pretty low to accomplish his purpose. You don't want any better proof that the property he wants to recover must have turned up valuable in some way. We shall surely get at the real truth as soon as Judge Van Slyck has had time to go into it."

Joe was slated to go out with a train of empties next morning at nine, but owing to the fact that it was necessary for him to appear at the police court, he was excused from duty until the afternoon, although it was clear the master mechanic did not relish the delay. At the examination, Joe suppressed all reference to Mr. Chase's presumed connection with the affair. Dan Beard's evidence was submitted in the form of a deposition, sworn to before a notary, as the engineer was compelled to take out the 8.55 express. His friend, the teamster, corroborated the written testimony in the witness-chair. Katie went bravely through her trying ordeal, and the result of it all was that Abel Hyde was held for trial at the next term of the criminal court. Several officers were sent out to find Michael Todd, who was believed to be hiding somewhere in town, but when Joe got home that night he had not been found.

CHAPTER XIV.—In Which Joe Has A Run-in With Herbert Chase.

Three months passed away. Joe Vickers had made good at the throttle, and his advancement was made permanent. During that time Able Hyde was tried and convicted for his assault on Joe, and got a two-years' sentence in the State prison. Michael Todd had managed to evade capture and was still at large. We may as well say here that he was never heard of again. Katie, her mother and the two little Todds found his absence from the family rooftree a great relief. Joe called on the Van Slycks once. His purpose was to find out what news, if any, the judge had for him in reference to his "gold brick" property, as he called it. The reason why he had not heard from Judge Van Slyck was then apparent. The judge had gone to Washington to attend to an important legal matter, of which the Nimrod & Pandora R. R. was a party, and which had come up before the Supreme Court of the United States. Joe was disappointed, but there wasn't anything for him to do but make the best of it. One morning when Joe came into the yard, expecting to take a train of empty coal cars down to the Silver Bow Branch, Gosport met him and said that Mr. Ditchett wanted to see him at his office. Joe proceeded without delay to the office of the master mechanic.

"Vickers," began Mr. Ditchett, swinging about in his chair and facing the boy, "I've had my eye on you ever since you were advanced to your present position on the road, and I am pleased to find that you have made an excellent record."

Joe bowed.

"Therefore," went on Mr. Ditchett, "I am going to give you something better than hauling coal cars and yard work. How would you like to run a passenger?"

"I should like it very much, sir."

"Very well. I shall put you on No. 31. You can take Oliver to fire for you."

"I should like to have him. We are used to each other."

"All right. You are to take the 9.55 accommodation on the Nimrod division. Report to the trainmaster and take your orders from him. Good-day."

Joe felt as if he was walking on air when he left the master mechanic's office. Joe wrote a note to his mother notifying her of the change in his work, and that he would not be back to Pandora until later that night. He sent it to the cottage by a special messenger, and then it was time for him to run out of the round-house and back down to the train-shed. Promptly on time, the through accommodation pulled out, and was switched on to the Nimrod main line. Oliver was at his post. It was a fine day, and Joe was feeling like a top. Everything went well with 31. During the entire trip to Grand Junction the indicator on the steam gauge did not vary to any great extent. Therefore, he made all his stops on schedule time without the least difficulty, and finally arrived at Grand Junction on time to the minute. At five o'clock he pulled out on his return trip to Pandora. An hour later the southbound accommodation arrived at Nimrod. Here the conductor received orders to pick up the directors' car, which was stand-

ing on the siding at a small station named Sidney, on the edge of the prairie, ten miles or so south of the long tunnel, and he notified Joe to that effect. While Joe was oiling the drivers and Dick Oliver was looking after the fire, a well-dressed youth walked down the platform and attempted to mount up into the cab. Joe saw him and quickly headed him off. When he got close to him he saw it was Herbert Chase.

"You can't get up there," he said to the son of the railroad magnate.

"My father is one of the owners of this road, and I guess I can go where I choose," replied Herbert, insolently. "I'd like to know how you come to be driving a passenger train, anyway, Joe Vickers. I thought you was a fireman on the freight. Father will have to hear of this, and then I guess there'll be something doing."

He made another attempt to mount the iron steps, but Joe, with as little show of force as was possible, prevented him.

"I want you to understand that I'm going to ride to Pandora on this engine," persisted Herbert, with an air of importance.

"Have you a signed permit from the proper authority?" asked Joe.

"No, I haven't, but my father and several of the directors of the road are at Sidney, so I don't think you'll dare keep me off."

"That doesn't make the least bit of difference. You can't ride without a permit and that's all there is to it," said Joe, firmly. "Step back, please."

Herbert fumed and sputtered, but the young engineer paid no further attention to him. He swung up into the cab and in a moment or two the conductor gave him the signal to start.

CHAPTER V.—A Race for Life—Conclusion.

"That was President Chase's son, wasn't it?" asked Dick Oliver, as the train gathered headway.

"That's who it was," replied Joe.

"I'll bet he'll try to make trouble for you."

"It won't be the first time he's tried to make things hot for me; but, all the same, he hasn't succeeded. He has hated me ever since the day old 13 smashed up his father's automobile and I saved Florence Van Slyck, who was riding with him at the time. She hasn't noticed him since, and he blames me for it."

"Something's wrong!" cried Oliver, with his head out of the cab window. "There is the danger signal displayed on the semaphore."

Joe's sharp eyes had already made out the bright red light hanging fifteen feet or more in the air, in front of the telegraph block house. He blew the whistle, reversed and put on the air brakes, bringing the train to a full stop near the entrance to the tunnel. The conductor alighted from the baggage car, and Joe saw the telegraph operator meet him outside of the door of his building and hand him a paper, which he read by the light of his lantern.

"I wonder what's up?" said Oliver, in an interested tone.

"Give it up," replied Joe, "but we're likely to know in a moment, for here comes the conductor."

"Vickers," said the mogul of the train as soon as he reached the locomotive, "we have orders, you know, to pick up the directors' car at Sidney."

The young engineer nodded.

"Well, it appears the prairie is afire all around Sidney and is spreading to the tracks. President Chase and half a dozen of the directors are aboard of the car and have telegraph for help. Uncouple your engine and tender and pull through to Sidney and fetch the car away."

"All right, sir. We'll get there if the track is all right."

"Make haste; there isn't a moment to be lost."

The locomotive was uncoupled from the train and started. Joe opened her up by degrees, and 31 was soon flying through the long, dark tunnel, out of the other end of which she soon darted like a swaying meteor. And now the whole sky on this side of the range was lighted by a fearful conflagration. The distant horizon looked like the edge of an ocean of fire.

"We'll never be able to fetch Sidney!" cried Oliver, huskily. "I'll wager we'll find the track afire miles this side of the station."

"We must reach there," said Joe, firmly, as he hooked her up another notch, while his assistant shoveled the coal into the furnace as fast as he could work. The perspiration was pouring down Oliver's face, and the only rest he took was to bathe his forehead with water from the tank occasionally. And now they were drawing near Sidney. Joe began to ease 31 up by degrees, but for the next half mile her speed hardly appeared to diminish, owing to the momentum she had acquired. But he got her under control by the time she hit the last stretch, and he pulled the whistle. The roof of the station was smoking and some of the telegraph poles were on fire when he slowed down and approached the siding. The switch was over and everything ready for him to bring the engine up against the solitary car lying there on the side-track.

Something like a cheer greeted his arrival, and ready hands were soon busy coupling on 31. Just as the signal was given—"All right, go ahead!"—a blazing telegraph pole fell over upon the car and crushed in the roof like an eggshell. As Joe pulled on the throttle, the car began to blaze, but a score of hands soon smothered the fire, and engine and car commenced their race against the conflagration rushing down to devour them. The return trip was far more perilous than the other, for the flames, racing along at an incredible speed, succeeded in reaching the track in many spots ahead of them.

The mountain range was looming up ahead, with the black mouth of the tunnel before them. Two minutes more they would be there, and now that they were comparatively safe, Joe shut off steam, allowing the locomotive to proceed by her acquired velocity alone, while Oliver dropped, fainting and exhausted down on the bottom of the tender amid the scattered chunks of coal. Five minutes later engine and car rolled out of the north end of the tunnel and came to a stop near the cars of the accommodation train.

Although Joe had heroically saved the twenty imperilled people who had been cut off at Sidney, it was found on their arrival that death was hovering over the director's car. The blazing telegraph pole which had smashed in the roof of the car just before they started north had struck Godfrey Chase and fatally injured him. He was dying, and he knew it.

"Let me shake the hand of the brave engineer who brought us through this sea of fire," he whispered to those around him, and Joe Vickers was brought into the car. He waved the others away, and all withdrew but the boy.

"I wronged your father, lad, as you know, and I have tried to cheat you, too, out of great wealth. The property I strove to regain from your mother, and which she told me now belongs, by right of purchase, to you, is of intestimable value by reason of its vast growth of locust trees, invaluable to this and other railroads for ties and telegraph poles on account of their toughness and durability. There are, I have computed, half a million dollars' worth of lumber there as it stands. You are rich, boy. All I ask now is that you forgive me for the past."

"I do forgive you, sir, with all my heart, for I believe you are sincerely sorry for the wrong you did us."

Joe ran the train back to Nimrod, and when she reached there Godfrey Chase was dead. Joe naturally became the hero of the hour, but that fact didn't give him a big head. The result of it all was that the directors held a special meeting during the week at Pandora and voted the brave boy and his fireman \$10,000 as evidence of their appreciation. About this time Judge Van Slyck's investigations in his behalf confirmed the late Mr. Chase's statement concerning his property. There was enough full-grown locust trees on the land to furnish, at a rough guess, 100,000 telegraph poles, worth \$4 each, which meant \$400,000, sufficient to provide their young owner with an income of \$20,000 a year.

Joe's automatic coupler invention also proved a winner and the firm of Fosdick & Vickers realize a large annual income from the royalties. Joe, however, stuck to the railroad, and in a few years rose to the coveted position of superintendent, and subsequently he became general manager. He is one of the best-known railroad men in the West to-day, and is married to Florence Van Slyck, but for obvious reasons we do not use his right name.

Next week's issue will contain "CAPTURING THE MONEY; or, HOW BEN BAILEY MADE HIS MARK."

There was an old man who was charged with illicit distilling and was brought up before the court. The judge, who was a witty fellow, asked the prisoner what was his Christian name. The prisoner replied, "Joshua," and the judge answered, "Are you the man that made the sun shine?" and the prisoner replied, "No, sir, your honor; I'm the one that made the moonshine."

CURRENT NEWS

YOU CAN SHAVE IN THE DARK

Designed especially for use by travelling men, a self-illuminating safety razor makes it possible to shave in the dark.

In the handle of the razor is a tiny electric bulb, encased in a rubber holder which prevents dampness from rusting it. The lamp is adjusted so that it always throws its light on the spot where the razor is cutting. A clean shave in pitch darkness is said to be possible with this device.

PAINT BATH IN MIDAIR

Suspended eighty feet in midair by his toes for nearly half an hour before being rescued was the experience of John B. Thomas, sixty, a painter, at work on a factory smokestack, New Orleans, La. Thomas was sitting in a rigger's chair when he was overcome by heat. Falling backward he began a plunge. As his feet came up through the chair his toes caught in a piece of rope, stopping his fall. A bucket of creosote paint upset and poured over Thomas, adding to his suffering. A

helper climbed from the top of the stack and lashed Thomas's feet to the rigging. A fire company rescued Thomas twenty-five minutes later.

MOSQUITOES MAY BE ELIMINATED

The mosquito, which has probably done as much as any other one agency to make New Jersey famous, is still amongst us, and probably will continue to abide in our midst until we will really make a united effort to exterminate it. Essex County, New Jersey, is spending \$70,000 this year in the work of exterminating this dangerous pest, which is known to be a carrier of dangerous diseases and the only agent that carries malaria and yellow fever. Approximately half of the swamp land which has provided such wonderful opportunities of the mosquito to propagate has been drained, and 60 per cent. of the mosquito-breeding places in the uplands has been eliminated in the scientific warfare which New Jersey is waging against the pest.

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

"There's a bell to ring if you do think of anything," said the dwarf. "It will bring some one any time. You're in luck, let me tell you."

"I appreciate that."

"You ought to," growled Andy, and he withdrew, making no response when Jack gave him a pleasant "good-night."

"Not very hospitable," remarked Arthur.

"I think he is as crazy as the doctor," replied Jack. "It must be a queer household. But now, old man, I'll help you to undress and we'll turn in. We are in luck indeed."

Arthur was in bed and Jack just about ready to follow him, when there came a thunderous knock on the door.

"Well?" called Jack, not a little startled.

"I'm Glick—P. Remington Glick, M. D.," roared a voice. "I want to come in and see my patient. Can I?"

"Why, certainly, doctor," replied Jack, throwing open the door, and in walked Glick, wrapped in a long purple gown belted in at the waist, reaching almost to his feet.

"Get out of my road and don't dare to start at me," he snarled, giving Jack a shove; and he added, as he bent over the bed:

"Well, young man, how do you feel?"

"As comfortable as I can expect, thanks to you, doctor," replied Arthur.

"No fever?"

"No, sir."

"Uh, huh! That's all right," growled Glick, feeling Arthur's pulse. "We shall soon have you around. You young cub! Didn't I tell you not to stare at me, and there you are doing it again. What do you mean by it? Say!"

"I'll look out the window," replied poor Jack, meekly.

"Go to thunder" was the snarling response. "If this was my house you never would have entered it."

He proceeded to mix medicine in a glass of water, Jack standing with his back turned.

"You are to take this every two hours, if you happen to be awake," he said, and then stalked out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

"He seems to be everlastingly down on you, Jack," remarked Arthur.

"Oh, we'll forget him," laughed Jack. "Here, let me give you your dose, and I'll turn in."

But the boys were to have one more experience, for they were still awake when a series of shrill screams rang out through the house.

The voice was a woman's, and the cry was: "Murder! Murder!"

"For heaven sake!" gasped Arthur. "Jack, you must see what that means, sure."

"Wonder if I ought to?" questioned Jack, sitting up in bed.

Just then some one was heard running through the hall, the cry still continuing.

In an instant there was a knock on the door.

"Awake, boys?" Nemo's voice called.

"Yes, sir!" cried Jack. "Can I be of any assistance?"

"None whatever. Pay no attention to anything that happens. I'll quickly put a stop to this racket. Good-night."

"Good-night," answered Jack, and then he heard his host run back along the corridor.

Presently the cries ceased.

There was no further disturbance. Soon our two boy prospectors were asleep.

CHAPTER XI.

A Singular Household.

Jack was roused at daybreak by the clattering of a flock of birds in a tree outside his window, and he sprang out of bed to have a look.

Here was a beautiful garden—just one mass of flowers. Edna, armed with a pair of scissors, was gathering roses with which she had almost filled a basket. Jack drew down the shade in a hurry and began to dress.

There was no water in the room, except a little in a pitcher for Arthur's drinking, so Jack pressed the electric button.

The answer was prompt, and this time instead of the hunchback, came a Mesizo boy of about Jack's own age.

"I am Pedro," he said, displaying his glittering teeth. "I am to serve you, senor. What is it you wish?"

"Water to wash with," replied Jack.

"I can bring it, senor, but we have our bath. Besides, there is the lake. It is only a step. Every morning and evening I bathe there."

"The very thing!" cried Jack. "Show me, Pedro. Have you had your morning bath yet?"

"Not yet, senor."

"Then I will join you."

"I'll get the towels and then guide you," said Pedro, and he departed.

"I only wish I could go," sighed Arthur, who had now awakened.

"You poor fellow! So do I," replied Jack. "It would do you a world of good."

"I wonder if it is far?"

"Just a step, the boy said."

"What about you two carrying me there? My back is ever so much better. I believe I could hobble to the lake, with you two to support me."

"You shall try it," assented Jack. "I'll give you a good rubdown, if the water isn't too cold."

Pedro, returning, assured them that the water was by no means cold, and that the lake was not more than a hundred yards from the house, so Arthur decided to make the attempt, and they succeeded in getting him through the garden without much difficulty.

(To be Continued.)

GOOD READING

YOUNG GIRL HAS WILD RIDE

When an automobile occupied by John Koch and Eddie Faix, each aged sixteen years, and by Thelma Davies, aged twelve, and Margaret Faix, ten, was struck by a train on the Catasauqua and Fogelsville Railroad, at Catasauqua, Pa., Miss Davies was thrown from her seat in the rear of the demolished machine and landed on the pilot of the locomotive, on which she was given a ride of 100 yards before the train was brought to a stop. She escaped, however, without a scratch. Other members of the party sustained only slight bruises, notwithstanding the fact that the automobile was a total wreck.

GOATS MULTIPLY TOO QUICK

Uncle Sam may refuse to permit any other Alaskan island game preserves. In 1917 the Boone and Crocket Club of New York spent a small fortune in capturing fifteen wild Alaskan mountain goats and planting the herd on Admiralty Island off the coast. It is now certain that unless the club gets busy, hunts the game generously to reduce the numbers of goats they will destroy all vegetation of the island.

According to recent reports there are several hundred goats swarming over the rocky preserve. A moderate amount of shooting each fall would keep the animals within bounds, but visits of members of the club are infrequent.

BOOTLEGGERS ACTIVE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Addison K. Lusk, Federal Prohibition Director for Montana, who made a survey of the system of Government control of the liquor traffic in British Columbia, has incorporated his observations in a report to the Federal Prohibition Commissioner, in which he says:

"There are practically as many bootleggers operating in the cities of British Columbia as in the cities of the same size in this country."

According to Mr. Lusk this condition is due to the export of liquor from British Columbia, on which no duty is required, and its shipment back into the Province to be sold by bootleggers. Where liquor is sold in the Province the tax is 120 per case.

"I was told," says Director Lusk, "that half of the hard liquor consumed in British Columbia is smuggled back into the Province and sold through bootleggers."

In the old days, Mr. Lusk says, Vancouver had seventy-odd saloons, but now it has 105 so-called "beer clubs." He claims that "actually any one can walk into a club and secure all the beer he wants without going through any formality whatever."

GIRL CANOEISTS PADDLE TO NEW ORLEANS

Two University of Iowa girls, Miss Envy Lester of Bon Durant, Ia., and Miss Lillian Danielson of Charles City, have finished a canoe voyage

of more than 1,500 miles down the Iowa and Mississippi Rivers that no woman ever accomplished before. They camped on sandbars and islands and were paddling for seven weeks. Neither carried any defensive weapons.

"We were treated fine by everybody," they chanted. "We ran into many bootleggers, but we can say one thing for them, they were courteous and hospitable. One bootlegger at St. Louis painted our canoe for us and others we met on our way down the river kindly gave us provisions.

We camped on an island near Memphis one night, thinking it was deserted. In the night our canoe broke its moorings. We walked along the island, tearfully. Our only means of transportation was gone. We sighted a tumbledown shack—and found it to be a bootlegger's place.

"They suggested we were women detectives, but they were polite, and volunteered to help us, but they sent a guard along, one man on either side of us and each carried a gun. They took us down the river until we located our canoe, then they frankly told us we had been in the hands of moonshiners, that there were three stills on the island.

"We did much of our paddling at night to avoid the dazzling glare of the sun."

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

RADIO POWER

The action of the British Parliament in granting to the Marconi Company a license to construct an inter-Empire system of high power radio stations is seen as the prelude to a fantastic battle in the air for the radio domination of Latin America.

The grant to the Marconi Company comes as the end of a long effort on the part of that enterprising organization to establish the system, against the opposition, indifference and delay of the British postal system. The belief was held in many quarters that the establishment of such imperial communications should be under the control of the postal service, which also operates the land telephones in England. Inability to get things through the government, contrasted with the aggressive initiative of the Marconi Company, which submitted a detailed plan for a system to embrace the world, left Parliament finally to turn to the private organization.

The Marconi system projects one or more large stations in England, one in Africa, one in the Caribbean, one in Australasia, one in India, one in Canada, with the requisite subordinate stations to assure a thorough ethereal blanket over the surface of the far-flung British Empire.

The Caribbean, West African and Australasian stations form a vast triangle, enclosing South America. The distance from New Zealand is about equal to the distance from that coast, across South America and the Atlantic, to Western Africa. From Jamaica to the tip of South America is about equal to either of the other stretches. With the increase of radio efficiency it is to be anticipated that all parts of South America, though far from the trunk stations, can readily be reached through the radio of the British Empire with its ramifications.

Such are the possibilities of the British strategy.

And the American layout?

The American opposition is an assumption based on the American habit of leadership in the Western Hemisphere and the sweeping tide of American business in Latin America. The old political imperialism attributed to the United States, and so feared and worked upon in Latin America, is gone. In its place is the deeper, safer and infinitely more certain economic development that is running like a flush of new life through all of Latin America. This new tide of life is pushed forward by the impetus of expanding American capital. In the place of an aloof and resented political domination we have an active and cheerfully received business co-operation. Every month the participation of the United States in the life of Central and South America increases, and with every month the imperceptible ties that bind the countries together in common interest become stronger.

In such a situation, expanding means of communication are axiomatic. The United States must inevitably intensify its cable and radio contact with the countries to the south.

As it moves forward to do so—as the Radio Corporation of America may be expected to do on the part of the United States—it will find the field occupied in part by the British.

Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean area are now well within the dominance of American radio. They can hear the stations of Germany and Britain and France, but the mass of their daily contacts is with the stations of the United States, within the United States proper or established by her interests within the area.

To the south of Panama there is nothing. The high power station of Darien in the Panama Canal Zone, operated by the Navy Department primarily for government uses, stands like a stronghold confronting the top of the continent of South America. It can send as far south as Valparaiso. But sending alone, even if Darien were operated commercially, is an utterly non-productive process unless there be some station to receive. And in South America, American interests have not established the stations to receive and distribute, or to send back the thousand daily messages that arise in the life of trade. The subtle radio of common sense will tell you that the Marconi Company, enterprising, aggressive, thorough, is not going to neglect the full establishment of all corollary stations and connections involved in its plan of world-wide radio. They will be there, like the Western Telegraph Company (also British), before them.

HYPNOTISM BY RADIO

Long-distance hypnotism by radio was demonstrated recently with apparent success at the offices of Science and Invention, 53 Park Place, when Joseph Dunninger, hypnotist and mind-reader, speaking into the microphone at Station WHN, Ridgewood, L. I., threw the subject, Leslie B. Duncan, into a hypnotic state in the Park Place office ten miles away.

At about 10:30 o'clock the voice of Dunninger was heard from the large horn of the receiving apparatus. Duncan, a pale, slender youth of 20, stood directly in front of the horn, with his eyes fixed intently upon it. After a short silence, broken only by the hum of the instrument, the voice suddenly came again, speaking sharp, staccato commands: "Duncan," it said, "I am speaking only to you. Look directly into the horn. You see my eyes, looking into yours. You see me, here before you. I forbid you to move, to look away. Your eyes are tired, your eyelids drooping. You will remain standing, your arms at your side, your body rigid."

A few seconds after the metallic sound of the hypnotist's voice was heard the eyes of the subject became fixed in a glassy stare. As the voice continued its commands the youth gradually threw back his head until he appeared to be staring at the ceiling with unseeing eyes, through half-closed eyelids. His body, however, was not rigid, although he stood motion-less, his arms pressed to his sides.

The hypnotist was informed over a private wire

of the subject's condition, and presently the voice was heard again, giving a sharp command to Duncan to "wake up." The head came forward, the eyelids fluttered, and in a moment or two the boy regained consciousness, though dazed and trembling.

The experiment was repeated after a few minutes' interval, and this time a complete state of cataleptic rigidity was obtained. The body of the subject was placed across the back of two chairs, where it lay extended like a log. It did not even bend under the burden of a 170-pound man, who for a moment rested his entire weight across the slender body. This time, too, the subject was awakened without difficulty.

For a third time the subject was thrown into a hypnotic trance. An attendant, hastily sterilizing a small spot of the lower arm, thrust through the lifted skin a large needle, withdrawing it after a few seconds. There was no sign of flinching, no trace of blood, though the marks of the needle were plainly visible. Once more the subject was awakened, a little shaken, as before, but in no apparent pain.

AMPLIFIERS

Liberal spacing should be allowed between the parts of a radio set. There should be at least one and a half inches between tubes and amplifying transformers. This will leave about a six-inch separation between the tubes, centre to centre. All wires should be as short and direct as possible, especially those leading to the grids and to the plates. The return leads in the grid circuit of each amplifier tube should run from the transformer secondary to the negative terminal of the "A" battery. This method of connection places a negative in the resistance of the rheostat. This permits the use of higher plate voltages, which results in better amplification without the use of "C" batteries.

Connecting the cores of the audio amplifying transformers to the ground binding post or negative terminal of the "A" battery will help to minimize howls and increase signal strength. The effectiveness of this scheme depends upon the type of transformers. The circuit generally gives more satisfactory results if the first amplifying transformer has a higher ratio than that of the second amplifying transformer. Jacks can be used in the audio amplifier circuit so that the detector can be used alone or the detector and one stage. It is not a good plan to employ jacks in a radio frequency circuit.

TUNING A REGENERATOR

There is a good and bad way to tune a set consisting of a vario-coupler, two variometers and a 43-plate variable condenser. If you use a variable condenser in this circuit it should be placed in series with the ground lead. In order to tune the set the secondary of the vario-coupler should be in its maximum inductive position. Now carefully tune the primary of this coupler until you hear the signals of the station that you desire. It is next necessary to tune the grid variometer. This instrument is very sharp and the slightest variation will bring in or throw out the station you wish to hear. Next adjust

the rotor of your vario-coupler until you get the signals clear and distinct without interference from other stations. I should have said at the beginning that in the event of your having the variable condenser in the aerial circuit it is necessary to start off with that condenser set at least one-half of its full capacity. You will find that the variation in this condenser adjustment will necessitate the readjustment of the primary of the vario-coupler. When you have got your oscillating circuits completely adjusted to your satisfaction adjust the plate variometer until you get maximum regeneration. This means the loudest strength of signals consistent with clear reproduction.

RADIO FREQUENCY INDICATOR

One of the resolutions adopted by the Second Radio Conference, held in Washington, stated that all broadcasting stations should be equipped with an indicating instrument for the purpose of maintaining the operating wave frequency within two kilocycles of the assigned wave frequency.

The Bureau of Standards has designed a radio frequency indicator to meet the need. Specifications for its construction may be secured by any broadcasting station upon request. The instrument consists of a seventy-two turn space-wound coil on a 3½-inch tube, a variable condenser and a sensitive thermogalvanometer. The entire elements are connected in series. The condenser is provided with a locking device, so that it may be locked or soldered in position after the instrument is adjusted to indicate the required frequency. It may be set to indicate the radio frequency in range from 222 meters to 545 meters. If indicators are constructed by the broadcasting stations according to the Bureau of Standards specifications and are sent to the Bureau's radio laboratory they will be adjusted at a nominal fee, to operate at the frequency of the station.

TUBE PRODUCTION

Plans for meeting the demands for vacuum tubes were revealed by General J. G. Harbord, President of the Radio Corporation of America, in a letter made public recently by the National Radio Chamber of Commerce.

General Harbord said that the Radio Corporation ordered 400,000 vacuum tubes for April, consisting of 200,000 of the dry cell type and 200,000 to be used with storage batteries. Approximately 75,000 UV-199 tubes were placed on the market during April and the first week of May. General Harbord asserted that further increases of production will depend to a large extent upon the rate at which these tubes are absorbed. The Radio Corporation has adopted a vacuum tube production scheduled for a period of six months, beginning May 1, which contemplates delivery to the corporation of no less than 2,000,000 vacuum tubes of the storage battery and dry battery types. Should sales of tubes during the coming months indicate that the above figures are too low, General Harbord explained, the Radio Corporation is prepared to increase its production to supply all demands of the market.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

CHASED BY QUEER SNAKE

A monster snake, strange to that part of the world, chased Elmer Gorsuch, truck farmer, from his watermelon field, near Concordia, Kan., he asserted. Chased him out not only once but twice and meted out the same treatment to the two Gorsuch boys.

As Mr. Gorsuch entered the field the snake struck at him without warning. He dodged and the snake went after him until he left the field. The reptile is described as being five to six feet long, body as thick as a large man's arm, head shaped like that of a cobra, and Mr. Gorsuch asserts it has plenty of speed, too. To date, the snake has not been captured or killed. There are no volunteers for the job.

LAKE OF LIVING FIRE AGAIN IS SUBSIDING

Kilauea's Lake of Living Fire has again drained out as a result of subterranean disturbances, the surface of the liquid lava having dropped 600 feet below the rim, according to a radio message just received by the Department of Interior from Superintendent Boles of Hawaii National Park. The east end of this park area also has been broken up badly by earthquakes, the cracks emitting gas clouds and flames and lava.

In May, 1922, as a result of similar disturbances, the Lake of Living Fire disappeared, but in September of the same year the surface of the lake had risen to within 150 feet of the rim. The most remarkable recovery was on May 12, when the surface of the lake rose 30 feet in one day, making a total volume of molten lava poured out by the scores of fountains of over 2,000,000 cubic feet for the twenty-four hours. The area of the lake on that day was over forty-five acres, or nearly eighteen city blocks.

BIRDS HAVE OWN HEAVEN

Bird heaven!

It is in Louisiana, in Vermillion and Iberia parishes. A section of land 12 miles long and two miles wide has been staked off for birds. It

is theirs to live on without the danger of hunters. They pay no rent.

Edward Every McIlhenny, a noted conservationist, of Every Islands, La., has just purchased 135,000 acres of land, 10,000 acres of which is to constitute a public shooting ground under State control. The remainder is to be dedicated to the conservation of bird life.

This is Mr. McIlhenny's second great contribution to game life in Southern Louisiana. Twenty years ago he set aside a tract of land to become a "bird city" for snowy herons. He stocked it with eight birds. To-day there are something over 100,000 snowy herons in Louisiana.

The "bird heaven" is the largest piece of land devoted to that purpose by a private individual in the country. It is more widely known among the birds than among humans. The north and south flights are nearly always via southern Louisiana, and thousands of birds stop off to visit or to make their homes there.

LAUGHS

Jack—I want to marry my opposite. Maud—I don't know of any girl bright enough to suit you.

Foreman of Torrent Engine Company of Po-dunk (gazing at the smoking ruins, but speaking cheerfully)—Well, boys, we saved the engine.

Mamma—Ikey, vat you vant for yer birt'day? Ikey (after a pause)—A box of matches. Papa (proudly)—Such a peesness man he'll make.

"My husband considered a very long time before he proposed to me. He was very careful." "Ah, it's always those careful people who get taken in!"

Tom—Why didn't you go back to college? Dick—Deficient in mathematics. Tom—How did that happen? Dick—I calculated that I could kick the ball clean over the goal, and I didn't reach it by twenty feet.

"Who gave the bride away?" asked Mrs. Evens of her daughter, who had just returned from the wedding. "Her little brother," replied the daughter; "he stood up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled 'Hurrah, Blanche, you've got him at last!'"

Hiram—Haw! haw! haw! I skinned one of them city fellers that put the lightning-rods on my house. Silas—Ye did? How did you do it? Hiram—Why, when I made out the check to pay him, I just signed my name without specifying the amount. I'll bet there will be somebody pretty mad when he goes to cash it.

Dr. Arnold was paying a visit to one of his patients—a young mother. "You must let the baby have one cow's milk to drink every day, Mrs. Burrell," he said. "Very well, doctor; if you say so, of course I will," replied the perplexed young woman, "but I really don't see how he is going to hold it all."

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

GOLD DISCOVERED IN FIJI ISLANDS

Gold has been discovered in Fiji, according to private advices received in Hilo, Hawaii. No announcement of the discovery has been made in print heretofore, because of Government restrictions, but the news has leaked out from authoritative sources and is fully credited by well informed persons.

A rich gold-bearing lode is said to have been discovered near Savu-savu Bay on the island of Vanua Levu, the second in size of the Fiji group. Traces of gold have been found in the past in several Fiji localities, but have been confined hitherto to small pockets and were unremunerative.

The reticence of the Fiji Government in matters of this nature is well known. It takes the position that premature publicity would attract a rush of goldseekers, fill up the islands and, when the boom subsided, leave an indigent population to constitute a new problem for the authorities.

GET HEBRIDES ISLAND

The gift of an island to its inhabitants is rather unusual, but such a gift has just been made of a large part of the island of Lewis, one of the outer Hebrides, by Lord Leverhulme, the soap maker.

Lord Leverhulme purchased the island some time ago, planning to organize fisheries and other industries there. The project failed chiefly because the islanders objected to becoming employees of a company. They preferred to fish and run their small farms as their own masters.

The most valuable feature of the island is the famous Stornoway Castle and its supporting estate. The islanders who number about 4,000, have been rather undecided about accepting Lord Leverhulme's present, some fearing the Castle would become a white elephant on their hands. It was even talked of asking the lord to submit to them a report of his revenues from the expenditures of the property in the last few years.

Now, however, the Stornoway Town Council has voted to accept the Castle, and doubtless the whole gift will be ratified by the island Government.

POSED AS MAN 40 YEARS

County officials have discovered that a woman has lived for forty years at Lynxville, Wis., posing as a man. The deception was disclosed when a post-mortem examination was made here on the body of William Taylor, who died of cancer at a local hospital.

William Taylor had lived with Nellie Taylor, doing a man's work and wearing a man's garb. Lately Taylor took up the profession of herb doctoring when not working at the Mississippi River docks or on farms.

Efforts to trace the life of the woman have met with little success, although old inhabitants of the village recall that half a century ago a girl in a

distant village, who claimed she had been misled by a stranger, went away to be married.

The authorities believe that friendship of an older girl for her younger friend prompted the marriage, though no record of it has been found. Taylor was 65, and Nellie 55. Nellie worked as a scrubwoman in the village hotel until Taylor's death, when she disappeared and has not been seen or heard of since.

PLAN TO GET HEAT FROM GEYSERS

In Iceland, where one would suppose that coal was about the most essential of commodities, it has just been announced that the Icelanders are about to do away with that fallacious heating medium entirely. The authorities in Reykjavik, the capital, are considering utilizing the natural hot springs and geysers there for heating the whole country.

The famous geysers are situated about a mile from the city and have long been used by Reykjavik housewives as a free laundry and hot water supply.

According to the preliminary plans which have been prepared, the waters from the springs will be brought into the city through wooden pipes and piped into the buildings. The water from the geysers and springs are both sulphurous and radio-active and it is the hope of the city fathers that some future time may see the establishment of a medical Spa in the Arctic.

The wash houses which now surround the geysers are used by the inhabitants as baths and laundries and are entirely heated by the hot waters.

DISEASE SOMETIMES YIELDS FORTUNE

It has been said that what is one man's poison is another's food. So it would seem in the case of the oyster and its pearl. It has been discovered that the formation of pearls in oyster shells is not as has been supposed, due to an irritant, but to a peculiar disease which attacks the shells. This disease is thought to be a form of rheumatism which has its origin in an excess of uric acid in the oyster.

Experiments have shown, it is said, that the theory that pearls form around a grain of sand or similar foreign body is not based on fact. A pearl expert has pointed out that thousands of grains of sand find their way into the outer opening of the shell with receding tides, and that they are washed out again when the tide turns. Another point of evidence lies in the fact that the glands which secrete the pearl-forming substance are found where no foreign body could penetrate.

Interesting in this connection are the experiments of Japanese scientists in producing cultural pearls. Their method was to introduce into the shell of the oyster a nucleus of mother-of-pearl around which the pearl-forming substance in the oyster gathered and eventually built up a pearl.

HERE AND THERE

ALASKA CLACIERS RAPIDLY DISINTEGRATING

Alaska's coast glaciers are disintegrating rapidly, according to marines navigating the inland waters of the territory. Some of the glacier bays are filled with huge icebergs which are daily slipping from the precipitous icy bluffs. These icebergs, many of them larger than the biggest steamship, drift out into close proximity to regular lanes of steamship traffic. What has caused so rapid a breaking up of the glacier faces is a mystery. Earthquakes may have caused a tumble of loose ice and a sudden increase in momentum of the ice river would also shake off chunks.

GOLD ORE WAS IN BOX

Speculation was rife when a 300-pound box, covered with Chinese symbols, was received at the chemical laboratory of Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa., and, when opened, was found to contain sand. Only the fact that all charges were prepaid dispelled the conviction that the laboratory was the victim of a practical joke.

The mystery was solved when a Chinese student happened by and, translating the writing, explained that the "sand" was gold ore, sent from China by a former student for use in the course in assaying, which is conducted at Lehigh every summer. Samples of the ore were distributed at once, and in a few hours the value of the ore was ascertained.

ONE BUSH DOES \$10,000 DAMAGE

According to the *Scientific American*, a special study to determine the extent of infection and loss from a single bush was made by one of the State leaders of barberry eradication. The outbreak of stem rust which started from a known bush travelled in one direction, at least, for about five miles. The total wheat area affected on eighteen different farms was 963 acres. The average yield for that year was only 37 per cent. of what it would have been without the black stem rust, or a total loss in yield of 12,520 bushels. At a dollar a bushel the combined money loss from this single bush in this one direction was \$12,520, or an average loss to each farmer of \$696 worth of wheat. A barberry bush with \$10,000 potential damage possibility can be destroyed with ten pounds of salt or an hour's work with a grub hoe.

CAVE MAN RELIC DISCOVERED IN MISSOURI

The first actual trace ever found in Missouri and perhaps in the United States of the original "cave man"—the human being who preceded the American Indian and the mound-builders by thousands of years, has been unearthed in the Stratman Cave in Marles County by Gerard Fowke, an anthropologist working under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution.

The evidence that man lived in that vicinity before the advent of the so-called aboriginal race of America is only a small piece of chert or flint

which might pass unobserved under the eyes of the uninitiated. But to anthropologists who are seeking evidences of an early race the flint tells a story of a primitive man who lived in America thousands of years ago and left almost no traces behind him.

The relic was found in a stratum some distance beneath the floor of the cave. The position in which it was found is regarded as indicating extreme age because of the fact that the topmost stratum above it is formed of ashes and debris undoubtedly left by very early Indians. In this stratum Fowke found remains of an Indian race of much lower physical type than any now known. The "cave-man" relic was found below this in a stratum made up of debris from the face of the cliff which, Fowke says, probably is the accumulation of thousands of years.

The relic is a cone of chert slightly more than an inch high. The flakes of chert have been chipped off around the outside of the cone and, according to experts, the chipping was done by humans. The cave man who owned it may have lived in the cave itself or dwelt on the bluff above. The cone is the remains of a large piece of flint after the primitive workman had chipped off flakes from a piece of flint rock for use as knives and arrowheads. Such cones are common to early Indian remains, but have not been found at depths and in deposits antedating the coming of the Indians and their immediate predecessors.

The fact that the entrance of the cave and the face of the bluff had once been far out was proved by a pile of debris from the original roof, which had fallen to the floor of the cave so long ago that it was almost as hard as the solid rock itself. First on top of the solid limestone foundation of the cave was two or three feet of laminated clay and sand. It was in this layer that the flint core was found. On top of this layer was a mass of rock and clay from five to eight feet deep, debris which had been falling through centuries from the roof of the cave. There were no human remains in this layer, which was so hard that it was necessary to use dynamite to loosen it.

On top of this hard layer was the debris in which a number of human remains were found. This layer was made up of ashes from the fires of its later inhabitants, but some of these evidently going back to prehistoric times.

The long period of human occupancy represented by this top layer may be judged by what he had found in other caves in the region. A vast amount of ashes was removed in the excavation of the top layer and it is estimated that at least 1,000 years of continuous occupancy would have been required to accumulate this rubbish.

There had been three burials in the Stratman Cave. Fragments of the skeletons of an infant, a child of 7 or 8 years, and of a boy of 16 or 17, or a woman, were found in the upper layer. Evidently the cave had been inhabited after these burials. The bones were badly broken, but the ashes had preserved the fragments, and they were of the same primitive type found in other caves.

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PALESTINE CENSUS

A recent census of Palestine shows that 10 per cent. of the population is Christian. The total population, 757,182 approximately, equals that of Boston. Seventy-five per cent. is Mahometan and 11 per cent. Jews. Jerusalem and Tiberius have more Jews than other cities. In the former, out of 62,000, 34,000 are Hebrews. Nazareth has 7,424 inhabitants, nearly two-thirds of whom are Christians, and in Bethlehem Christians predominate, there being 5,830, with only 818 of Jews and Mahometans.

The principal seaport, Jaffa, has about 47,000 people, of whom there are 20,000 each of Jews and Mahometans and about 7,000 Christians. The other large centers of population are very largely Mahometan.

The Palestine Weekly, a Zionist organ, declares that according to Roman figures this country has supported a population of 7,000,000, which is legend and not fact. When one considers that the area of Palestine is about equal to that of Vermont and that it has about an equal amount of arable land, one questions seriously whether, with the highest development of her natural resources, it will be possible for Palestine ever to support a greatly augmented population.

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